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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1931.



ARMISTICE DAY, 1931: "THE LAST VICTORY."

The symbolism of Armistice Day, as expressed in the Cenotaph and the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior, is represented also in many another war memorial, not only in London, but throughout the Empire. The particular example shown in this beautiful photograph is the figure of a fallen gunner at one end of the

Royal Artillery Memorial, at Hyde Park Corner, with an inscription in keeping with the spirit of the day—"A Royal Fellowship of Death." It presents a moving contrast to the quadriga of "Peace," (left background) on the Wellington Arch at the top of Constitution Hill.—[Photograph by Percy G. Luck.]



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I HAPPENED recently to renew my acquaintance with Edinburgh Rock; I refer to the remarkable fortress and not the more remarkable foodstuff of that name. The latter, indeed, I am far from despising. There seems even to be something terrible in giving that stark and rugged title to a sweetmeat; as if a child were invited to nibble at Gibraltar or take a big bite out of St. Michael's Mount. Anyhow, that citadel, which is like a city within a city, contains a new and unique building, which is like a castle within a castle. It is the War Memorial of Scotland, and, to my mind, one of the few great War Memorials that are worthy of the greatness of the war. And the train of rambling reflections which it started left me with a profound renewal of all my own original belief in what would now, by comparison, be called little and local things. I have lived through the times when many intelligent and idealistic men hoped that the World War would be an introduction to the World State. But I myself am more convinced than ever that the World War occurred because nations were too big, and not because they were too small. It occurred especially because big nations wished to be bigger, or, in other words, because each State wanted to be the World State. But it occurred, above all, because about things so vast there comes to be something cold and hollow and impersonal, so that there is no real person to appeal to, either for persuasion or controversy.

Now, the Scottish War Memorial has a personality. It is the personality of a people, not merely the impersonality of people. I would not raise here, least of all in any unsympathetic spirit, the purely æsthetic debates about the Cenotaph. But, after all, a Cenotaph is by definition an empty tomb, and it affects me individually as a very empty tomb. I would not call it cold and hollow and impersonal in any abusive sense. But it is by its very nature hollow; it is by a deliberate artistic policy impersonal; and the effect of this, on some people at least, is that it is rather cold. The point is that this effect was produced intentionally, and almost inevitably, by the avoidance of anything that could be distinctive of any creed, any province, any profession or branch of the service. It is in that sense cosmopolitan, and therefore colourless; in being the meeting-place of so many races and religions, it can hardly help having something of the hollowness of the heart of the whirlpool, or reminding us of a temple of the winds, offering an intermediate and cold hospitality to all the winds of the world. I know all that there is to be said for such severities of classic architecture; but at least those who most admire the Cenotaph must admire it as architecture, and not as sculpture. Now, the Edinburgh War Memorial is full of sculpture, as a mediæval church is full of such carving and craftsmanship; and the word "full" does really correspond to a sense of fullness. And one effect of that sort of Gothic fullness is that a thing can be great when it is small.

Now, a thing like the Cenotaph can hardly be great when it is small. Even as it is, to my instinct, it is too small. What I fancy I really feel about it is that it might be very fine, in its own way, if it were as big as the Great Pyramid and stood against a background as bare as the great desert. It might then be entirely artistic and appropriate, for the artist's own purpose, that it should be as bare as the sky or as inhuman as the wilderness. But if we are talking about the human and historical quality of these things, then there will be surely more value in a piece of varied and yet concentrated craftsmanship, such as that which has been achieved by this group of Scottish craftsmen. A carving must be a carving of something, if not of

somebody. And the peculiar liveliness of local life and work lies in the fact that it is always dealing with something, describing something, struggling with the particular difficulties of something or somebody. There is a spirit that can only be called Gossip about a Gothic cathedral and its carvings. It may deal in caricatures, but it does not deal much in those abstract diagrams that can be much more misleading than caricatures. And, without at all narrowing my artistic tastes to this one type or school of work, I will confess to an undiminished partiality for it, because of its extraordinary vitality and vivacity. It is the liveliness of localism, even the liveliness of littleness. It arises when craftsmen have particular positive traditions of the workshop or the shrine, or when there is, for instance, as there still is in Scotland, a living memory of the lineage of particular families, and not only the families of the rich. For no family that is really respected consistently, as a family, can

of the Scottish arms, which stands outside the entrance to the memorial chapel. I thought it was a strong piece of work, simplified, but far from conventional, even in the artistic sense. But what took the eye, as typical of the spirit of which I speak, was the bold

but harmonious way in which the artist had dealt with the difficulty of the conventional spike sticking out of the forehead of the sacred monster. The artist had bent the horn back by sheer strength, so to speak—at least by sheer strength of imagination—so that it followed with a wilder curve of its own the strong curve of the horse's neck. And I thought to myself that this was typical of the true spirit of craftsmanship, especially

THE RULER OF A DISTURBED STATE WHO ASKED FOR BRITISH TROOPS TO MAINTAIN ORDER: THE MAHARAJAH OF KASHMIR.

ally of craftsmanship dealing with definite and traditional symbols. The sculptor had really wrestled with the Unicorn, like a legendary hero wrestling with a fabulous animal. That is, he had really wrestled with a problem, of presenting something positive that had to be presented, and yet in a new and more perfect form of presentation. He had made something new out of the old Unicorn; but he had not made anything else except a Unicorn. There was something symbolic in the fact that he had taken that wild, unearthly horse by the horn and forced it back into the contours of his own design. This is only one example out of many, and there are hundreds of such examples, wherever good workmen are doing real work with real images and ideas. Because they are real images and ideas, they can be treated; but they must be treated with. They must be taken on certain terms, and partly on their own terms. Because they are wild things, they can be tamed, but only by the true Unicorn-tamer, who is even more daring than the Lion-tamer.

That is why the traditional art is the truly creative art. That is why it is truly more creative than the negative abstractions which tend, of their nature, not merely to anarchy, but to nothingness. And that is why a glimpse of these things encouraged me in my own lifelong belief in particularism and the tales and traditions of a people. Where there are traditions there are tests; where there are traditions there are tasks and practical problems; but they are always stimulants to the spirit and cunning and imagination of man. They are always more fruitful, in the long run, than the work of those who strike outwards to draw a design of nothing on the dark canvas of night. The Unicorn brings forth Unicorns, and all sorts of new and varied Unicorns, and one of them will be different because it is a stone Unicorn and another because it is a bronze Unicorn. But there are no foals born to the Nightmare.



THE WIFE OF THE MAHARAJAH OF KASHMIR, WITH HIS SON AND HEIR: THE MAHARANEE AND HER BABY, NOW SIX MONTHS OLD. The Maharajah of Kashmir, at whose request (as noted on the opposite page) British troops were recently sent into his State to maintain order during Hindu-Moslem disturbances, was born in 1895, and succeeded to the throne in 1925. His full title (according to the "Statesman's Year Book") is Colonel H.H. Maharajadhiraja Sir Hari Singh Bamadur, K.C.I.E., K.C.V.O., Maharajah of Jammu and Kashmir. The same authority mentions that "the bulk of the population are Mohammedan, though the ruling race is Hindu." The Maharane of Kashmir, whose marriage to the Maharajah took place in 1926, comes of an ancient Rajput family, from the district of Bilaspur. Her son, the heir to the throne of Kashmir, was born last May at Cannes.

ever be entirely snobbish. The vast voting majority of the very richest family consists of poor relations.

These rambling reflections first began to ramble at the sight of a stone Unicorn, the ancient bearer

A DISTURBED STATE WHERE BRITISH TROOPS WERE CALLED IN: KASHMIR.



THE CAPITAL OF KASHMIR, THE STATE ON THE INDIAN BORDER TO WHICH BRITISH TROOPS WERE RECENTLY SENT, AT THE REQUEST OF THE MAHARAJAH, TO MAINTAIN ORDER AND KEEP THE PEACE BETWEEN MOSLEMS AND HINDUS: A PANORAMIC VIEW OF SRINAGAR FROM THE TAKHT-I-SULEIMAN HILL, SHOWING THE SNOW-CAPPED HIMALAYAS IN THE DISTANCE.



STATE CEREMONIAL IN A CITY THAT RECENTLY CAME UNDER BRITISH MILITARY CONTROL: A PICTURESQUE PROCESSION IN JAMMU, INCLUDING DHARAMPUR AMIRS AND OFFICERS MOUNTED ON RICHLY CAPARISONED ELEPHANTS.

At the request of the Maharajah of Kashmir (of whom a portrait is given opposite) British troops recently entered his territory to maintain order and keep the peace between Moslems and Hindus. The 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade occupied the town of Jammu on November 3. Next day the 2nd Battalion the Border Regiment arrived at Jhelum, and on the 7th the 13th/18th Hussars marched into Kashmir. The Viceroy signed an Ordinance giving the Punjab Government power to prevent *jathas* (bands) of Moslems from British India crossing the frontier into Kashmir. Hundreds of them were arrested. An official *communiqué* issued at Delhi, announcing these measures, made reference to the committee of inquiry appointed to examine the Moslem



TYPICAL OF THE TROOPS LATELY PLACED UNDER BRITISH COMMAND IN THE JAMMU DISTRICT: SOLDIERS OF THE MAHARAJAH OF KASHMIR ON PARADE.

grievances, and stated: "The Government of India, in entire agreement with the Maharajah, believe that this inquiry will best achieve its purpose if there is internal peace inside Kashmir territory and freedom from external incursions." A few days later it was reported that since the arrival of British forces the atmosphere had become much calmer, and that the Maharajah had gone to Jammu to look after the welfare of the troops and investigate the situation. It was decided that, to attain unity of command, a senior British officer should take over control of the State troops and police in the Jammu district. It may be recalled that communal riots began at Srinagar, capital of Kashmir, on July 13, and were renewed late in September.

A FLEET OF "DUMPERS" AMONG A GREAT ASSEMBLY OF

FROM THE DRAWING BY FRANK H. MASON, R.I.



"IN THE MIDST ARE THE DUMPERS . . . BUSILY GETTING THEMSELVES UP TO LONDON AT ON RECENT COMPLAINTS OF "THE

The National Union of Manufacturers recently passed a resolution urging the Prime Minister to impose immediately "an emergency tariff to restrict the wholesale dumping of foreign goods, which is now going on and which is bound to be multiplied in the near future unless steps are taken to put a stop to it." On the other hand, opponents of a too hasty resort to tariffs have deprecated what they term "the dumping scare," and argued that the large increase of importing activity at the London Docks is partly a normal feature of the Christmas trade, and has brought work to many unemployed. In a note on his drawing, Mr. Frank H. Mason writes: "London river and docks are busy places just now, for reasons that have been urgently commended to the attention of the National Government. A glance at the due arrivals issued by the Port of London Authority indicates the large number of vessels, apart from the regular Continental traders, which are on their way, and the first of the Flood is the time when they may be expected to arrive. Gravesend is a likely place at which to watch for an incoming flotilla, for there the sea pilots are exchanged for river pilots, and the pause gives time for observation. At

SHIPPING IN THE THAMES: ARRIVALS OFF GRAVESEND.

ENTITLED "THE FIRST OF THE FLOOD."



"THE UTMOST SPEED": A MOVING FLOTILLA OF INCOMING SHIPS—A PICTORIAL COMMENT WHOLESALD DUMPING OF FOREIGN GOODS."

Gravesend there is such an assembly of shipping as proclaims London to be the first port of the world. There are the huge liners of many passenger-carrying fleets, which disappear from Gravesend Reach into Tilbury, great oilers and motor-ships which vanish into berths of their own, and in the midst of all are the dumpers—small tramps, small intermediates and motor-craft in the main—busily getting themselves up to London at the utmost speed. When the above drawing was made, the scene as viewed from mid-stream off Tilbury suggested a city in need of succour from the sea, and only a diagram could show in detail the dispositions of the moving flotilla. A study of tonnage, or, rather, 'bottoms,' listed indicates a speeding-up of normal traffic, full cargoes, and the addition of abnormal 'relief' vessels, bringing extra heavy consignments for which the regular Continental traders have no space. Moreover, vessels whose usual trade would not bring them to the Thames are altering their regular routes to bring extra cargo for which they may have space available, and dump it in the London Docks before proceeding to their regular destinations."



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



HAWKS AND OWLS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

A DAY or two ago a friend of mine sent me a tawny owl, or, as it is sometimes called, a brown owl, with a request that I would report to him on the contents of its stomach. The poor thing had been shot by a gamekeeper, and when my friend asked him why he had done this he was told that he shot all owls at sight because they killed his young pheasants.

True indeed is the old adage, "Give a dog a bad name and you may as well hang him." Over and over again this matter of the slaughter of owls—and of hawks too, for that matter—has been the theme of heated controversy. And always those who are loudest in the condemnation of these birds are those who know least about them, even though they be gamekeepers. Too often their masters are as ill-informed. And this because they never take the trouble to examine the contents of the stomachs of the victims of their malice; nor do they ever seek for evidence from the "pellets" these birds eject, and which can commonly be picked up on the ground around the foot of the tree containing the nest, or that which has formed the roosting-place. Rarely, indeed, do these people recognise them when they do see them. They have commonly never even heard of them. These curious bodies, of an oval shape, are formed of matted hairs of their victims, and when pulled to pieces disclose fragments of the skulls and other parts of the skeletons of rats, mice, voles, and occasionally shrews and moles. What more evidence is there needed?

departed from the diet of his tribe. I took from its stomach four voles and a half-grown rat. Thus we are furnished with one more instance of the way in which greed is punished. The *real* enemy of young pheasants is the rat, which swarms all over the countryside, as well as in our cities. In London alone there are millions. Shooting owls is about as stupid as shooting policemen.

In discussing the matter of owls with gamekeepers, I find that, without exception, they believe that there is no difference between the owl and the hawk save that the former hunts at night, the latter by day. For destructiveness in regard to game, they hold, there is nothing to choose between them. Now, the defence of the hawk is as easy as that of the owl, but I must reserve this for another occasion. This belief in the common relationship between the owl and the hawk was at one time shared even by the man of science. But we now know that they have no ties of blood relationship whatever.

These two types of birds furnish us with an exceptionally striking illustration of what is known as "convergent evolution"—that is to say, of the gradual assumption of a common likeness between two quite unrelated types. And this has come about by adjustment to like conditions of existence. Scores of similar cases, among both plants and animals, could be cited. But this between the hawk tribe and the owls is a particularly helpful one, since they are types familiar to us all. The hawk tribe are the more ancient of the two. To their predatory mode of life they owe the short, strong, hooked beak and long toes with their formidable armature of claws. And to these must be added the powerful wings. But besides their external characters we have to examine the skeleton. This reveals, even more emphatically, the intensive nature of the structural changes which have come about in response to the requirements of a life of rapine.

We have no very definite evidence as to the appearance of the ancestral hawk; but we shall not be far wrong in regarding the New World vultures as representing a stage in this evolution. These birds, it is true, are scavengers. So are gulls; but the skuas help us in no uncertain way to understand how the scavenger can develop into the "highwayman." With the owls we are more fortunate, for we can say with no small measure of certainty that they are near akin to the night-jars, using this term in its widest sense. This group has, in the course of its evolution, branched out in several different directions; and one of these branches is represented by that strange creature known as the "more pork"—from its cry—or Australian frog-mouth (*Podargus strigoides*) (Fig. 3).

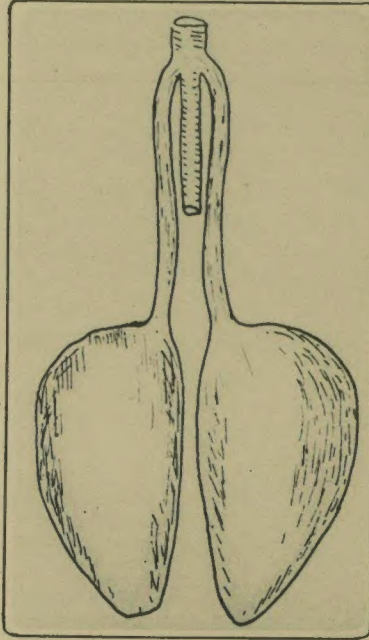
That there is a very owl-like look about the frog-mouth will surely be readily admitted. The strong beak, soft plumage, and large eyes are indeed suggestive. And it will be noted that the toes are placed as in the owls, the second being partly reversible—that is to say, is turned outwards and nearly backwards; the third and fourth toes alone turning forwards. A reference to the owl (Fig. 2) will show

the same arrangement. The night-jars are essentially insect-eaters, feeding largely on moths and beetles caught at twilight—when the owls feed. But the frog-mouths favour strong meats, such as mice and frogs—hence their more robust beaks.

A long dissertation on anatomical characters, justifying this contention that these birds and the owls are descendants of a common stock, would be out of place here. But there is one singular point of agreement in this regard which may well be mentioned, and that concerns the cæcum, or blind gut. This, both in the night-jars and the owls, is of great size and shaped like a Florence flask (Fig. 1); while in all the hawk tribe these cæca have become reduced to mere vestiges. If the strong likeness between the hawk tribe and the owls were really due to a blood relationship, we should expect to find vestigial cæca in both.

But there is more than this to be said of them. In the first place, it would seem that they must stand in direct relationship to the nature of the food, in either of these two groups. But, while the hawk tribe are typically flesh-eaters, some of the small falcons feed entirely on beetles, some partly. Yet in both types of diet the cæca are vestigial. In the night-jars we have both insect- and flesh-eaters, and with surprisingly large cæca. The same is true of the owls, which are, for the most part, flesh-eaters. But some, like our short-eared owl, show a decided fondness for beetles, and especially, according to my own experience, the common dor-beetle (*Geotrupes*), which comes abroad at night.

It is clear that the flask-shaped cæca cannot be regarded as structural adjustments to a meat diet, since the hawks have dispensed with them entirely; nor can it be regarded as an adjustment to an insect diet, since the insect-eating falcons have no cæca, and the flesh-eating owls have them extremely large. Their great size in the owls and night-jars shows that they cannot be functionless. But what is their function? The fact that these two groups alone among birds possess cæca of this singular form, and that their precise function is unknown, is in itself strong evidence that they have been inherited from a common source. Finally, night-jars and owls agree in having no adult down feathers. In all the true accipitrine birds these are strongly developed.



1. A STRIKING ANATOMICAL CHARACTERISTIC OF OWLS AND NIGHT-JARS, DIFFERENTIATING THEM FROM THE HAWKS: THE LARGE CÆCUM, OR BLIND GUT, WHICH HERE ASSUMES THE SHAPE OF A FLORENCE FLASK.



2. THE LAP-OWL: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE PECULIAR ARRANGEMENT OF FEATHERS ON ITS FACE FORMING A PAIR OF DISCS, ONE ROUND EACH EYE; AND TWO "TOES" TURNED FORWARDS.

Photograph by D. Seth-Smith.

It is strange that men who have lived all their lives in the country should know so little of its natural history. Their whole mind is concentrated on "game" and "vermin." The latter includes well-nigh every bird that flies; as well as stoats and weasels—and, in days gone by, pole-cats, martens, and badgers. The relative destructiveness of these last to game I cannot now discuss; nor will I now enlarge on the deplorable insensitiveness of the large land-owner to the wild life on his estate. For the sake of his game, all else must go. I have known some dissenters who, on this account, would extinguish the big land-owner. But this, most emphatically, I would not do for many reasons: and not the least of these is that, so long as he retains possession, so long will he retain for us the charm and restfulness of the countryside. I note the breaking up of big estates which is going on all round us with real anguish.

But let me return to my theme. When I made the post-mortem examination requested of me, I found that this particular brown owl had in no way



3. FROG-MOUTHS (*PODARGUS STRIGOIDES*): AUSTRALIAN REPRESENTATIVE OF THE ANCESTRAL OWLS; SHOWING THEIR REVERSIBLE SECOND TOES.

Owls are near akin to night-jars, a group that has branched out in several directions in the course of its evolution. The Australian frog-mouth represents one of the branches, and has, it will be observed, preserved quite an owl-like appearance. In particular, the toes are placed as in our owls—the second being partly reversible.

Photograph by D. Seth-Smith.

LYMPNE TO CAPE TOWN WITHIN 5½ DAYS. THE SALAMAN—STORE FLIGHT FROM ENGLAND TO SOUTH AFRICA.



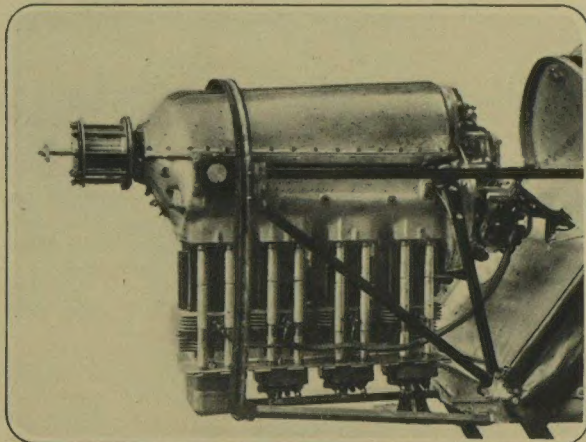
THE SALAMAN—STORE RECORD FLIGHT: THE DE HAVILLAND PUSS MOTH "GOOD HOPE," WHICH WAS FLOWN FROM LYPNE TO CAPE TOWN IN UNDER 5½ DAYS.



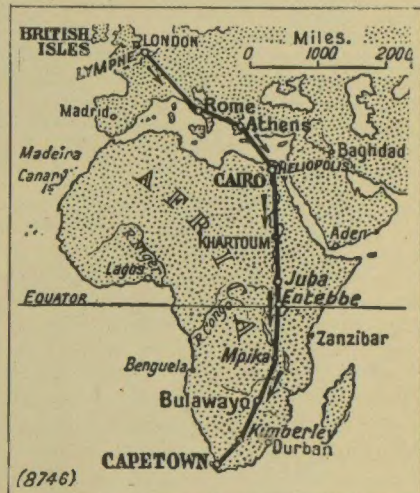
MISS PEGGY SALAMAN, THE 21-YEAR-OLD AIRWOMAN (PILOT); AND MR. GORDON STORE (NAVIGATOR AND SECOND PILOT).

THE GYPSY III. (INVERTED) ENGINE OF THE "GOOD HOPE."

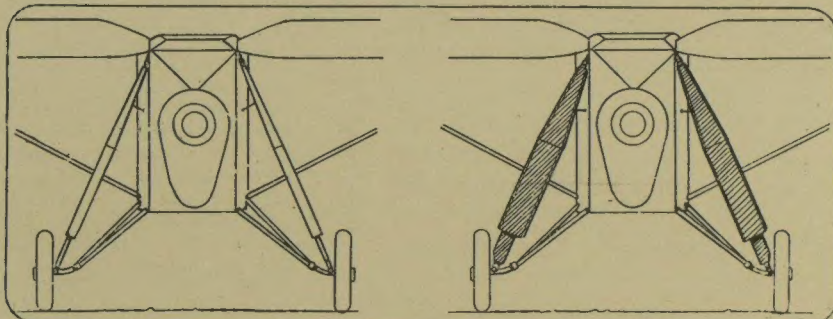
Four-point suspension, with the engine feet carried in live rubber blocks, effectively insulates the fuselage from any trace of vibration.



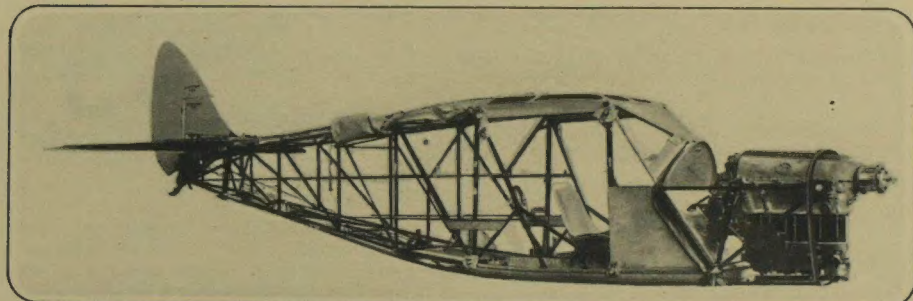
THE machine flown by Miss Peggy Salaman and Mr. Gordon Store was a De Havilland Puss Moth which had been named the "Good Hope." The only special preparation made was the addition of extra petrol-tanks. The over-all length of these monoplanes is 25 ft., and the wing-span is 36 ft. 9 in. The maximum speed obtainable is 125 miles an hour; with a cruising speed of 105 m.p.h. and a stalling speed of 48 m.p.h. The normal cruising range is 440 miles with small tanks. Alternative tankages give ranges of 570 miles and 700 miles. Telescopic legs of the undercarriage are made to act as air brakes by being swivel-mounted at their ends so that they can be turned through an angle of 90°.



THE ROUTE OF THE FLIGHT MADE BY MISS PEGGY SALAMAN AND MR. GORDON STORE FROM LYPNE TO CAPE TOWN.



THE TELESCOPIC-LEG AIR BRAKES WHICH ARE A FEATURE OF THE PUSS MOTH AND ARE WORKED BY A HAND LEVER—LEFT, NORMAL; RIGHT, ACTING AS BRAKES.

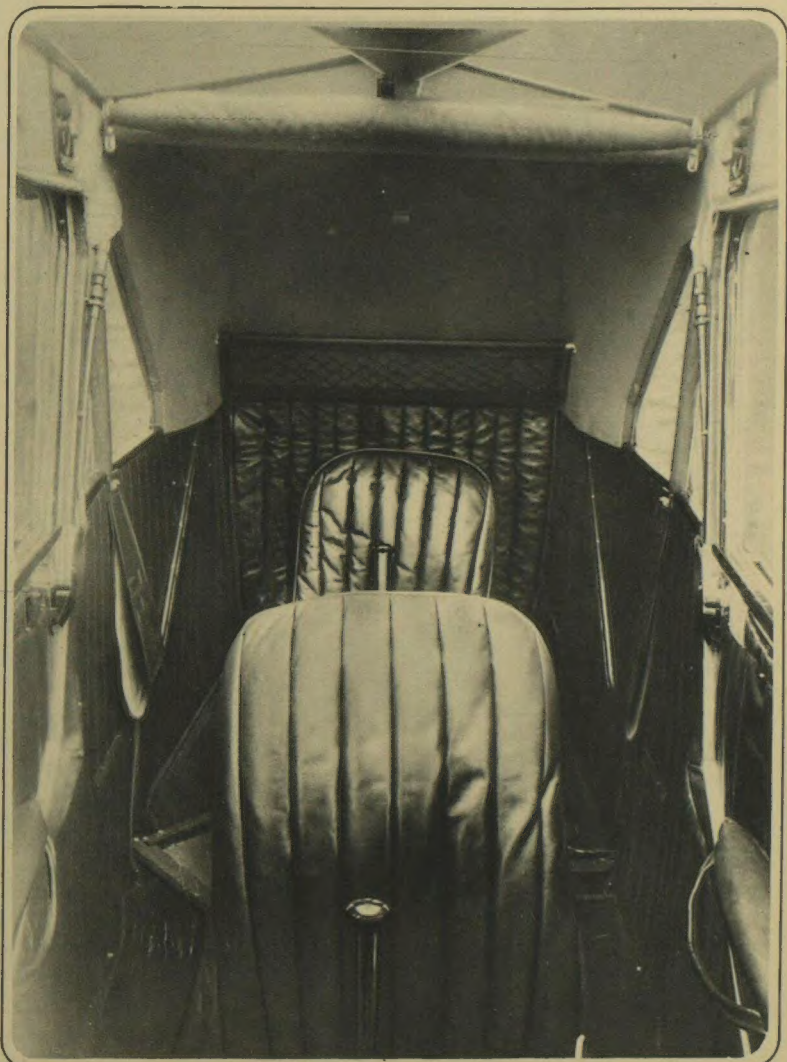


THE STEEL FUSELAGE OF THE PUSS MOTH, WHICH IS VERY RIGID AND ROBUST: A VIEW TAKEN DURING THE CONSTRUCTION AND SHOWING THE INVERTED ENGINE IN PLACE.



MISS PEGGY SALAMAN IN HER MACHINE: THE YOUNG AIRWOMAN WHO, WITH MR. GORDON STORE, BEAT LIEUT.-COMMANDER GLEN KIDSTON'S RECORD BY OVER A DAY.

Miss Salaman and Mr. Store, who left Lympe on the night of October 30, arrived at Cape Town at 7.37 a.m. on November 5, thus beating the Glen Kidston record for a flight from England to the Cape by over a day. The airwoman and the



THE CABIN OF THE DE HAVILLAND PUSS MOTH: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE TWO SEATS, EACH WITH ITS CONTROL LEVER FOR A PILOT.

airman shared the piloting equally. The flight meant covering an average of about 1350 miles a day, and about twelve hours were spent in the air each day. The Puss Moth and its engine are British; while Lieut.-Commander Glen Kidston flew an American machine. His Majesty the King sent a message of congratulation to Miss Salaman and Mr. Store, and the Air Council also congratulated them on their courageous flight, adding that it had given yet another striking demonstration of the capabilities of British aircraft and engines. (Brake Diagram by Courtesy of "Flight"; Map by Courtesy of the "Times.")

KAISER AND CHANCELLOR.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"PRINCE VON BÜLOW. MEMOIRS: 1903-1909." Translated by F. A. VOIGT.*

(PUBLISHED BY PUTNAM.)

THIS elaborately detailed account of German policy, internal and external, between the years 1903 and 1909, is the second volume of Prince von Bülow's posthumous memoirs, and provides another example of the everlasting paradox of pre-war European diplomacy—namely, that everybody concerned in that imbroglio was in the right and nobody in the wrong. The last thing that any of these jugglers with national destinies wanted, and the first thing that their habits of thought and policy were inevitably producing, was war.

Much happened during these years both to threaten the peace of Europe and to disturb the established régime in Germany. The Russo-Japanese War not only produced a surcharged atmosphere, but was a profound shock to Germany—and especially to the Kaiser, who dreamed constantly of an alliance with "Nicky"—in its revelation of Russia's radical weaknesses. Germany's naval policy, and the Kaiser's repeated refusal to make any abatement of it, placed a severe strain on relations with England. The Moroccan question perpetually lowered and rumbled, and Germany's resentment at the policy of M. Delcassé induced a mood of the utmost danger. The Bosnian question and the cynically brutal attitude of Austria towards the Serbs came within an ace of precipitating a general conflict, which, indeed, was merely postponed till 1914. Russia passed through a bout of intestine convulsion, and in Germany itself the Social Democrats progressively gathered momentum against the "personal rule" of the Kaiser. The Kaiser himself again and again imperilled foreign relations by indiscretions of unparalleled ineptitude. It was a difficult lustrum for any Imperial Chancellor. Prince Bülow frequently behaved, in complex circumstances, with skill, sanity, and moderation; certainly he was a necessary brake on his Imperial master's compromising impetuosity. But his general contribution to German policy was, to say the least, equivocal; and when he handsomely concedes that he may have made mistakes like other men, the reader is disposed to assent more readily than the Chancellor himself, perhaps, would have expected or approved.

Of course he did not want war. Very few statesmen want war; the question for posterity is whether they have conducted themselves in such a way as to make peace possible and probable. Bülow had fully grasped a principle which he quotes more than once: "Wars are not won in the long run by military measures alone, but also by political considerations." He was proof against some at least of the pernicious delusions which captured so many Germans at this time. "I never believed that England would attack us; I did not even believe it in the days of the 'naval scare,' when the fear of German attack had grown so strong in England; not even when our impressionable and very excitable Kaiser saw the German fleet already wiped out by the English, and Tirpitz was counting the years and months ahead of us, before we could reckon ourselves safe." According to his own account—which there is no reason to doubt, though it is, of course, *ex post facto*—he always held that the invasion of Belgium in case of war would be a disastrous mistake, and he was perturbed when Count Schlieffen gave an evasive answer to his direct question whether the General Headquarters War Plan included this manoeuvre. Several times he suggests indirectly that if he (instead of a set of bunglers) had been in power in 1914, the World War would have been averted. This we may well take leave to doubt; but it is probably true that he would have avoided such damning *faux pas* as the "scrap of paper" of his successor, Bethmann-Hollweg—a statesman for whom he does not conceal his contempt.

But if in these matters Bülow showed more prudence than some of his contemporaries, in others his responsibility is not to be shirked. There is no mistaking his predisposition to think evil of England and everything English. Every effort of British politicians to promote better understanding is regarded as hypocritical and sinister. Edward VII. appears throughout as a Sovereign whose sole aim in European politics is to smile and smile and be a villain. "Edward VII. did all that was in his power to render the Franco-German conflict more bitter, just as three years later he was eagerly engaged in stirring up Russia against Germany in the Bosnian crisis. He was an adept at mixing venomous potions." Accusations of this kind are frequent and unrestrained. Although it is probably true that when he saw the unfortunate results of the swaggering naval

policy, Bülow attempted to restrain the Kaiser's megalomania about it, nevertheless he had concurred in its inception, and had given his blessing to Tirpitz and Tirpitzism. All Frankensteins repent too late. As for France, Bülow's hostility is never concealed, and, indeed, it amounts almost to obsession. Among many reckless provocations, the Kaiser's visit to Tangier in 1904 was one of the most gratuitous; and it is at least some credit to the Chancellor's candour that he takes full responsibility for this unwise and perilous act. He frankly admits that this was part of a policy of deliberately shaking the fist in the face of France, and naïvely adds that this was a perfectly safe measure because he had perfect confidence in his own adroitness to withdraw the fist at the right moment! For

negligence on his part. Knowing his master's peculiar talent for putting his foot in it, he allowed this crazy effusion to go out to the world without having personally examined it; and neither his plea of overwork nor his attempt to put the blame on subordinates lies in the mouth of a responsible statesman. The whole relationship between Sovereign and Minister during this period is contradictory and puzzling. "In spite of that" (*i.e.*, certain obvious defects of the Kaiser), writes Prince Bülow, "I loved him with my whole heart, not only for all the goodness and kindness which he had shown me almost too profusely, but for the sake of the gifted, nobly endowed character he possessed; so lovable and so amiable, so natural and so simple, so large-hearted and so broad-minded. I am not ashamed to confess

that I had fallen completely under his spell." One can only say that nothing else in this volume justifies a single one of these complimentary epithets or discloses anything of the "spell." There have been many candid and unflattering portraits of Wilhelm II., but we do not remember to have encountered one which, in its cold analysis, is more damning than this. His vanity, childish passion for pomp, and susceptibility to flattery appear again and again. The violence of his opinions takes the breath away. He sees nothing objectionable in the proposal of a military commander to drive insurgent West Africans into the desert to die by inches; he regards the Reichstag as a collection of fools and knaves; he makes the wildest proposals for checking "British arrogance with the mailed fist"; he is liable at any moment to fling out such sentiments as, "Shoot down the Socialists first, behead them, put them out of action, if necessary massacre the lot—and then war abroad!" His public and private indiscretions, many of which appear in this volume, are too notorious to need any comment except this—that they are impossible to reconcile with the "intelligence" which has generally been ascribed to Wilhelm II. Can it have been an intelligent person who told Leopold of Belgium after dinner that he, Leopold, could "stretch his sceptre over French Flanders, Artois, and the Ardennes," and that, if he did not, German troops would some day trample Belgium under foot? Prince Bülow is evidently sceptical of an intelligence which "could never manage to arrange its papers in their proper pigeon-holes, or separate business and pleasure, vocation and avocation."

The quality of being "so lovable, so amiable" apparently evinced itself in incorrigible incivility: "it cannot be denied that, by his constant display of a mixture of rudeness and touchiness, William II. had succeeded in making himself disliked in nearly every foreign court." His consuming jealousy extends even to his own son, and he resents as a "public insult" to himself an invitation from King Edward to the Crown Prince. His sense of veracity is, to say the least, erratic, and it is impossible to accept without large modifications his account of any incident or conversation. This curious self-deception is so marked that Bülow's physician, the eminent Professor Renvers, describes it as "pathological." And indeed nothing but the "pathological" can account for the Kaiser's frequent

outbursts of hysteria. This was perhaps most distressing when he fancied himself to be in adversity: the unmanly self-abasement into which he then fell was only less pitiful than the reaction of self-exaltation which inevitably followed. At the first mutterings of the Eulenburg scandal, he fell into such a paroxysm of alarm that he cancelled a state visit to England on the most ludicrous pretext; at the height of the "Highcliffe conversations" *contretemps*, he informed Bülow (who was just about to address the Reichstag) that he proposed to abdicate—and this by telephone. Again and again, on every critical occasion, melodrama, caprice, and braggadocio. "This same monarch who was so free with his bold and dauntless advice to others, let the political reins drag along the ground in a much more serious war, ten years later. . . . He played the part of a passive observer in the Great War." Finally, although it would be unfair to charge him with the sins of his friends, it is impossible to forget that his intimate circle consisted of men who shook Germany from end to end by a scandal of the most unsavoury kind.

Can the reader be blamed for inability to discern the "gifted, nobly-endowed character"? Or is the portrait too harsh, reflecting discredit only on the painter? Whatever be the truth, both the painter and his subject make it all too easy to understand why the world was doomed to agony in 1914.

C. K. A.

To Our Readers and Photographers at Home and Abroad.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" has always been famed for its treatment of the various branches of Science.

Its archæological articles and illustrations are known throughout the world, and its pages dealing with Natural History and Ethnology are of equal value. These and other subjects are dealt with in our pages in a more extensive way than in any other illustrated weekly journal. We take this opportunity, therefore, of urging our readers to forward to us photographs of interest in these branches of Science.

Few people visiting the less-known parts of the world fail to equip themselves with cameras, and we wish to inform explorers and others who travel that we are glad to consider photographs which show curious customs of various nationalities, civilised and uncivilised, their sports, habits, and costumes; in fact, anything of a little-known or unusual character.

We are very pleased to receive also photographs dealing with Natural History in all its branches, especially those which are of a novel description. Our pages deal thoroughly with unfamiliar habits of birds, animals, fishes, and insects.

To Archæologists we make a special appeal to send us the results of recent discoveries.

In addition, we are glad to consider photographs or rough sketches illustrating important events throughout the world; but such contributions should be forwarded by the quickest possible route, immediately after the events.

We welcome contributions and pay well for all material accepted for publication.

When illustrations are submitted, each subject sent should be accompanied by a suitable description.

Contributions should be addressed to: The Editor, *The Illustrated London News*, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

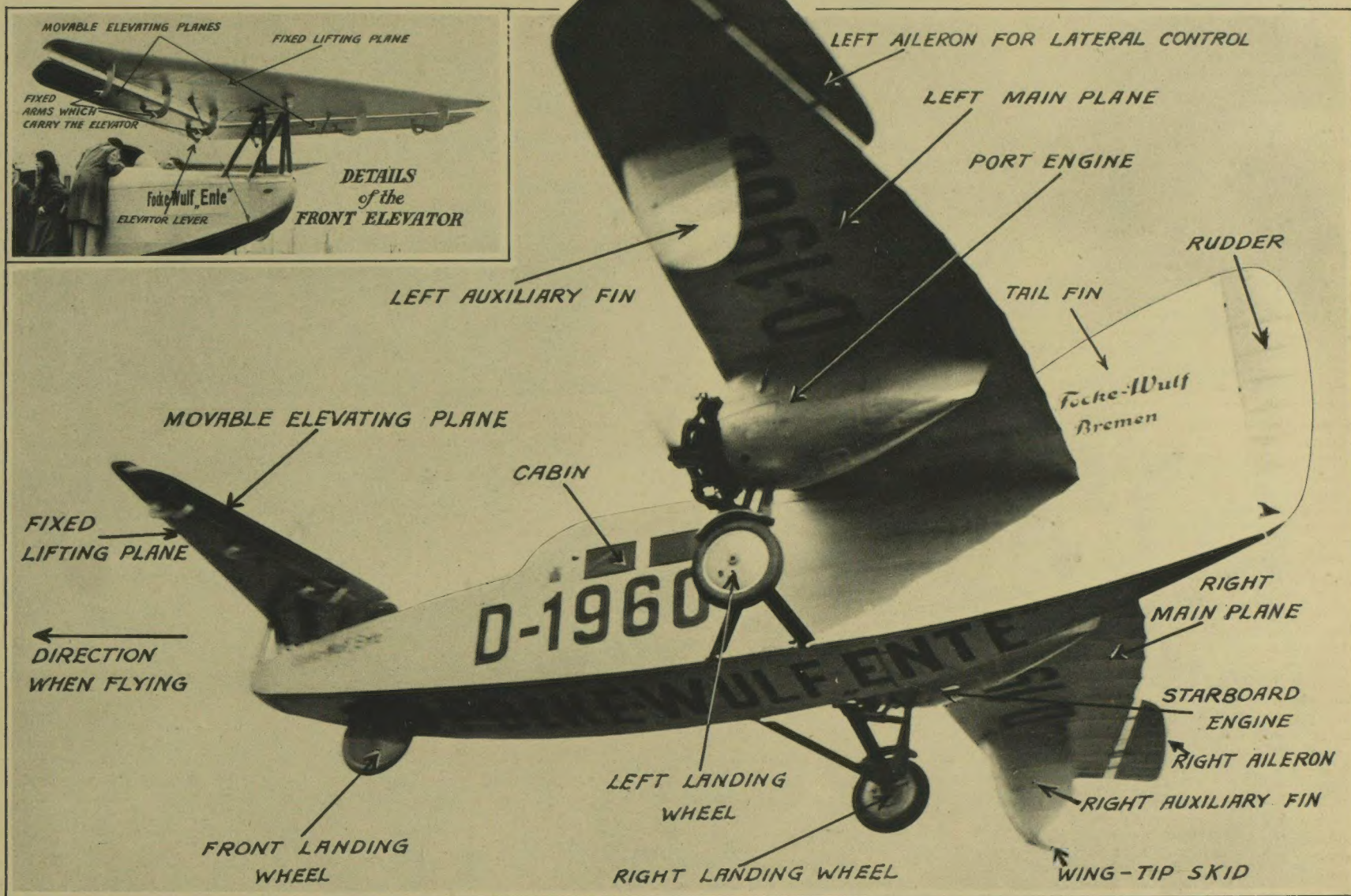
once, the Kaiser's judgment was better than that of his mentor: he went to Tangier unwillingly and under pressure: though it is characteristic of him that what he afterwards regretted was not the political folly of this demonstration, but the fact that his own person had been endangered and made ridiculous by a difficult disembarkment and an unruly charger.

Bülow's downfall was really brought about by the famous *Daily Telegraph* article (the "Highcliffe conversations"), in which William II. committed indiscretions and made pretensions so fantastic that Europe would have clamoured for his chastisement—as a large section in Germany did—if it had not been convulsed with laughter. The claim—for it amounted to this—to have devised the plan of campaign by which England won the Boer War was too grotesque for anything but "loud laughter" in the House of Commons and throughout the world. The sequel showed both Kaiser and Chancellor in an unfavourable light. The Kaiser, having first prostrated himself in pitiful abjectness, soon upbraided, and then in effect dismissed, his whipping-boy for not having taken all the lashes upon his own back. The Chancellor can scarcely be blamed for refusing to take responsibility for sentiments which he could not, in any sane moment, have possibly authorised; but the whole deplorable thing had happened through what can only be described as extraordinary

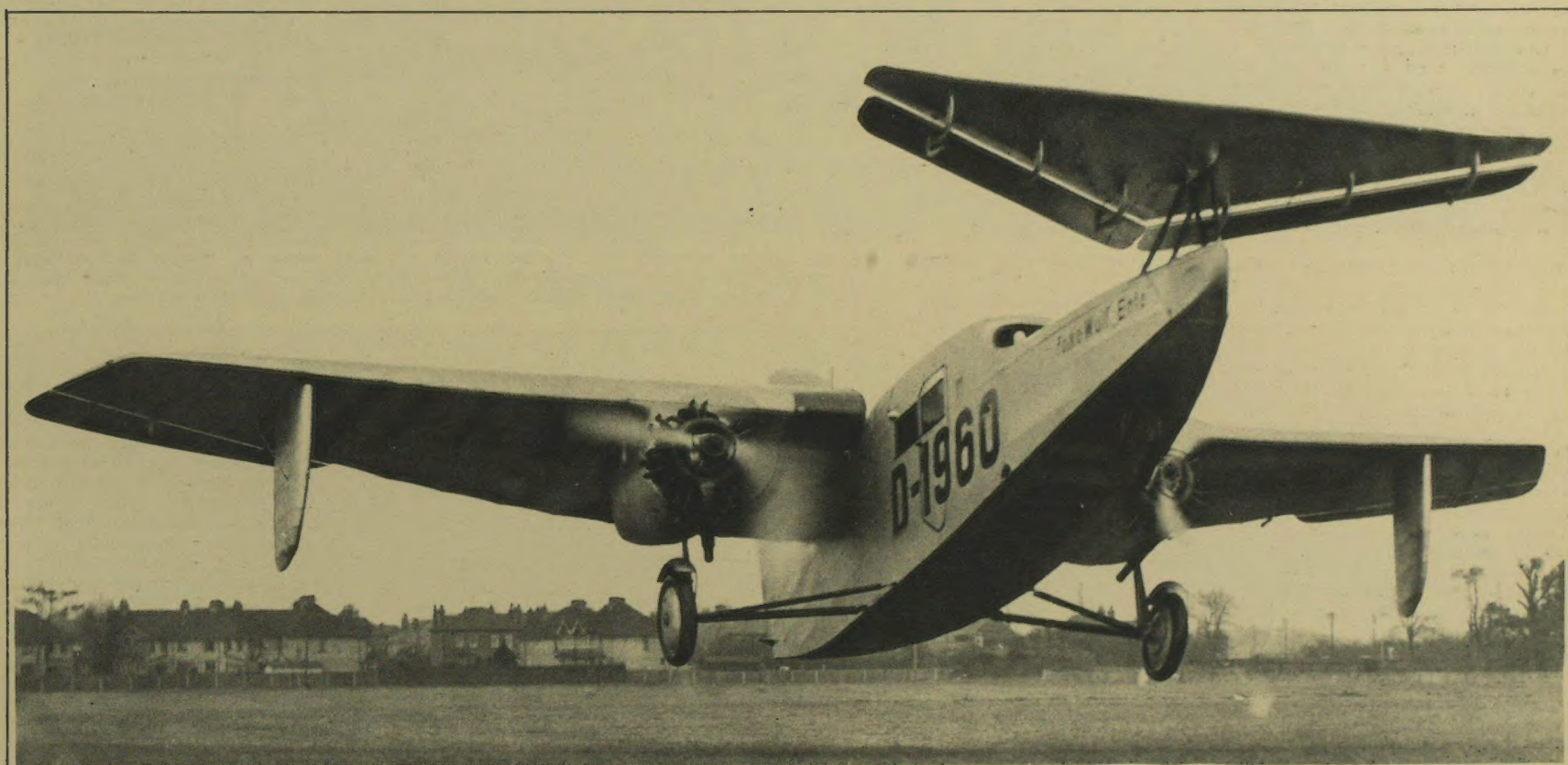
* "Prince von Bülow. 'Memoirs: 1903-1909.' Translated by F. A. Voigt. (Putnam; 25s. net.)

A "BACK-TO-FRONT" 'PLANE WHICH SEEMS TO FLY TAIL-FIRST.

A REMARKABLE DEVELOPMENT OF THE ELEMENTARY AEROPLANE.



THE NEW GERMAN MONOPLANE WHICH SEEMS TO FLY TAIL-FIRST: THE FOCKE WULF "ENTE," WHICH IS A MODERN DEVELOPMENT OF THE TYPE OF BIPLANE FLOWN BY THE WRIGHTS IN 1903, IN THAT IT HAS A LEADING ELEVATOR-PLANE IN FRONT OF THE MAIN WEIGHT-CARRYING PLANES.



TAKING OFF—SEEMINGLY TAIL-FIRST AND THEREFORE LOOKING AS THOUGH SHE IS LANDING! THE FOCKE WULF "ENTE" STARTING FOR A FLIGHT AT HANWORTH AIR-PARK.

The Focke Wulf "Ente," which has just made its first appearance at Hanworth Air-Park, is an interesting modern development in the light of present-day aerodynamic science of one of the most elementary forms of aeroplane. Actually, the first aeroplane that flew—the Wright biplane of 1903—was of this type, in that there was a leading elevator-plane in front of the main weight-carrying planes. Monsieur Santos Dumont, who made the first flight in Europe, near Paris, on October 23, 1906, flew a machine of this type; that is to say, he had a small biplane on the end of the frame in front of his main biplane wings. Monsieur Blériot also made a monoplane on similar lines in 1907. The Barnwell brothers, one of whom is to-day the chief designer of the Bristol Aeroplane Co., Ltd., made a similar machine in Scotland in 1909; the Voisin brothers, in Paris, made an amphibian aeroplane of similar type in 1911. Also, Mr. Horatio

Barber made a monoplane on the same lines in England in 1911. Every schoolboy who has made an elastic-driven flying-machine has used the same idea of a small leading plane, or aerofoil, to give it the scientific name, to obtain control and stability in a vertical plane for the main planes which carry the bulk of the weight. The reason why this type of aeroplane has not been generally successful hitherto is that, although it assures stability in an up-and-down direction, no satisfactory method had been found of balancing the vertical surfaces. All the earlier aeroplanes of this type were dangerous because they could not be prevented from side-slipping if they banked beyond a certain angle in turning; and if they were not banked enough they skidded sideways when turning and became equally dangerous. Now, the makers of the "Ente" have managed to balance up their vertical surfaces against their horizontal surfaces and have produced a safe machine.

TROOP-TRANSPORT OVERSEA BY AIR: HELP SENT FROM CAIRO TO CYPRUS.



AN IMPERIAL AIRWAYS SHORT "KENT" FLYING-BOAT ESCORTING R.A.F. TROOP-CARRIERS ACROSS 108 MILES OF SEA BETWEEN THE SYRIAN COAST AND CYPRUS: A PRECAUTIONARY MEASURE IN CASE OF A "FORCED LANDING."



TROOP-CARRYING AIRCRAFT ARRIVING OFF THE COAST OF CYPRUS: AN INCIDENT OF THE RECENT TRANSPORT BY AIR OF A DETACHMENT OF THE KING'S REGIMENT FROM HELIOPOLIS TO CYPRUS.



BRITISH TROOPS "EMPLANING" AT THE AERODROME AT HELIOPOLIS FOR TRANSPORT BY AIR TO CYPRUS: MEN OF THE KING'S REGIMENT ENTERING ONE OF THE SEVEN VICKERS "VICTORIA" TROOP-CARRYING AEROPLANES, EACH OF WHICH CAN ACCOMMODATE 22 MEN, FULLY ARMED AND EQUIPPED, BESIDES THE CREW OF TWO.



TROOPS LANDED IN CYPRUS BY AEROPLANE FROM EGYPT: MEN OF THE KING'S REGIMENT AWAITING TRANSPORT TO NICOSIA, THE CAPITAL, AFTER THEIR ARRIVAL ON THE LANDING-GROUND.



AIR TRANSPORT FROM PLACE TO PLACE IN CYPRUS: A SECTION OF THE ROYAL WELSH FUSILIERS MARCHING INTO LIMASSOL AFTER HAVING BEEN FLOWN OUT TO THAT TOWN FROM NICOSIA.

Further photographs relating to the disturbances in Cyprus, and especially to the transport of troops to the island by air, have come to hand since our last issue, in which we illustrated Government House at Nicosia, the capital, before and after the burning of the building by a mob of rioters on the night of October 21. As noted in our issue of October 31, a force of 150 fully armed British soldiers, consisting of a company of the King's Regiment, was hurried from Cairo to Cyprus in seven Vickers "Victoria" troop-carrying aeroplanes. A message from the Cairo correspondent of the "Times" (published on October 31) stated: "Five

of the Vickers 'Victoria' aeroplanes which conveyed troops to Cyprus returned to Cairo on Thursday (the 29th), two of the machines remaining in Cyprus. The expedition is of particular interest, as this is believed to be the first time that troops have been conveyed over the sea by air." The total distance of the flight from Egypt to Nicosia was 550 miles, including a sea-crossing of 108 miles, and it was accomplished in seven-and-a-half hours. Each of the troop-carriers can accommodate 22 men, with their equipment. The machines were attached to No. 216 (Bomber Transport) Squadron of the Royal Air Force at Heliopolis. Each machine

[Continued opposite.]

TROOP-CARRIERS ARRIVING IN CYPRUS: AIR-BORNE REINFORCEMENTS FROM EGYPT.



THE ARRIVAL OF A TROOP-CARRYING AEROPLANE IN CYPRUS: THE MACHINE FLYING TOWARDS THE PORT OF FAMAGUSTA—AN AIR VIEW SHOWING THE GOTHIC CATHEDRAL.



A BRITISH TROOP-CARRYING AEROPLANE FLYING OVER A MOUNTAIN IN CYPRUS: A REMARKABLE AIR VIEW TAKEN FROM ANOTHER MACHINE OVERHEAD.



THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE BRITISH ADMINISTRATION IN CYPRUS UTTERLY DESTROYED WITH ALL ITS CONTENTS, INCLUDING OFFICIAL ARCHIVES AND THE GOVERNOR'S PRIVATE COLLECTION OF ART TREASURES: AN AIR VIEW OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE, NICOSIA, BURNT BY A MOB OF RIOTERS ON THE NIGHT OF OCTOBER 21.



THE ARRIVAL OF BRITISH SOLDIERS BY AIR IN CYPRUS: ONE OF THE SEVEN VICKERS "VICTORIA" TROOP-CARRIERS FLYING ABOVE THE TOWN OF LARNAKA, IN WHICH DISTURBANCES OCCURRED.



ANOTHER OF THE VICKERS "VICTORIA" TROOP-CARRIERS IN THE AIR ABOVE A CENTRE OF INSURRECTION IN CYPRUS ON ARRIVAL FROM EGYPT: THE MACHINE FLYING OVER THE TOWN OF LIMASSOL.

Continued.

is fitted with two Napier Lion engines. It was a part of this squadron, it may be recalled, that carried out the last R.A.F. flight from Cairo to Cape Town and back early this year. Machines of similar type were used to evacuate British and foreign residents from Kabul in the winter of 1928-29. Reports from Nicosia on November 3 stated that six leaders of the revolt who had been arrested had been deported from Cyprus for life, and that altogether some 400 arrests had been made. An official Proclamation made municipalities responsible for all damage done by rioters within their jurisdiction, and under this decree Nicosia alone

would have to pay £20,000. Later news added that four more agitators, making ten in all, were to be deported for life. Two of these four were ex-members of the Cyprus Legislative Council. All the bridges destroyed were repaired by those who had damaged them during the riots. The Nicosia correspondent of the "Times" stated on November 4: "The number of deaths in the disturbances is six. Everywhere things are now quiet, but the people, having done just as they liked for the last fifty-three years, are unaccustomed to discipline, and appear sullen and surprised at the strictness of the measures now being enforced."

THE BEAUTY AND SPLENDOUR OF LIGHT AS A FORM OF DECORATION.

THE uses of light as a means of decoration, both indoors and out of doors, have been enormously extended of late years, mainly as a result of modern developments in electric lighting. For outdoor purposes, of course, the greatest progress has been made in the art of flood-lighting, of which London has recently had a wonderful experience during the weeks that followed the opening of the International Illumination Congress in September. The flood-lighting of historic buildings and monuments, as well as of scenes in the parks and on the river, gave Londoners an entirely fresh conception of the latent

beauty of their city and the glories of its architecture. The same system has been applied, very effectively, to public offices and commercial premises, including, as a permanent example, the tower

(Continued below.)



LIGHT AS DECORATION IN OUTDOOR DISPLAYS: THE EXPLORERS' MONUMENT AND AN ILLUMINATED FOUNTAIN, IN THE GROUNDS OF THE FRENCH COLONIAL EXHIBITION.



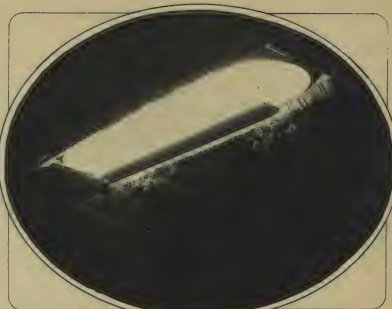
AN IMPRESSIVE EFFECT THAT SUGGESTS A GLOWING AIRSHIP: A NEW FORM OF "STREET LAMP" AMONG THE TREES OF THE BOIS DE VINCENNES.



THE DECORATIVE EFFECT OF LIGHT THROWN UPON JETS OF FALLING WATER: THE PICTURESQUE FONTAINE DE TOTEI IN THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS NEAR PARIS.

(Continued.) of the Underground Railway building. A recent instance was the flood-lighting of the new Town Hall at Wimbledon, opened on November 5 by Prince George. Another was the illumination of part of Westminster Abbey, in connection with Armistice Day, as a background for the poppy-strewn Field of Remembrance. Flood-lighting has also been practised in many other parts of the country, as at Dover Castle and Rochester Castle. The particular examples of decorative lighting shown in the present illustrations are all drawn from the French Colonial Exhibition at Vincennes, near Paris, which, it may be noted, is due to close on November 15. There the charm of flood-lighting has been enhanced by the

(Continued above on right.)



AN IMPRESSIVE EFFECT THAT SUGGESTS A GLOWING AIRSHIP: A NEW FORM OF "STREET LAMP" AMONG THE TREES OF THE BOIS DE VINCENNES.



STARS OF GLOWING BRILLIANCE IN THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS: ANOTHER STRIKING NOVELTY IN ORNAMENTAL ROAD-LIGHTING.



AN IMPOSING METHOD OF ILLUMINATING A PROCESSIONAL WAY: PILARS OF LIGHT ALONG THE AVENUE DES COLONIES FRANÇAISES PRODUCING A DIGNIFIED EFFECT OF CLASSICAL SIMPLICITY.



THE DECORATIVE QUALITY OF LIGHT APPLIED TO ORNAMENTAL STRUCTURES AND THE PLAY OF WATER: AN EXHIBITION FOUNTAIN AT VINCENNES.

WONDERS WROUGHT BY THE MAGIC WAND OF THE GOOD FAIRY ELECTRICITY.

(Continued.)

addition of different tints, as shown in the reproductions in colour of the Angkor Vat replica and other exhibition pavilions given in our issue of September 12. The photographs we now publish illustrate rather the variety of novel and beautiful effects attained by the concentration of light on isolated structures, such as monuments, fountains, and so on, and by new devices for the illumination of roads and avenues. In this connection it is interesting to recall various other forms of spectacular lighting in the open air, such as the illumination of ships, by searchlight and otherwise, and that of the arena at the annual Aldershot Tattoo. The indoor use of light for decorative purposes is, of course, very familiar in the theatre and the film-audio, in both of which the new methods have produced

(Continued below.)



BEZARRE DESIGN ENHANCED BY THE DECORATIVE EFFECT OF LIGHT: THE REMARKABLE EXHIBITION FOUNTAIN CALLED "LA BELLE FLEUR" UNDER ILLUMINATION.



THE CHARM OF LIGHT IN ITS PLAY ON BUILDINGS AND TREES, AND ITS REFLECTION IN WATER: THE MOROCCO PAVILION TRANSFORMED TO A FAIRY-LIKE SCENE BY ILLUMINATION.

(Continued.) magnificent results. In many of the most modern stage productions, indeed, lighting largely supersedes scenery. It is not only in the theatre, however, that the beauty of light has been revealed, for it may be said to have revolutionised domestic interior decoration. A striking example, in a large mansion, was illustrated in our issue of January 24 last, but, on a smaller scale the modern improvements in electric lighting methods and appliances are now practically universal. There is hardly a home, with any pretensions to the exercise of decorative taste, where the adoption of up-to-date lighting has not added greatly to the amenities of daily life.

COGNAC FROM VINE TO GLASS: STAGES IN THE GROWTH

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM SKETCHES MADE



AND PRODUCTION OF A WORLD-FAMOUS BEVERAGE.

AT THE DISTILLERY OF MESSRS. J. AND F. MARTELL, COGNAC, FRANCE.



DISTILLING "A TRUE ELIXIR OF LIFE," KNOWN SINCE THE 14TH CENTURY AS "EAU

WINE is, so to speak, the spontaneous offspring of the vine, but there is another product, quite as precious from more than one standpoint, which, child of the vine though it be, yet calls for man's industry. This is brandy, the liquid obtained by distillation of the wine. The best brandy—that is to say, the most valuable medicinally and the most relished and esteemed for delicacy of flavour—is, without a shadow of doubt, the brandy which comes from the Charente region and is known as "Cognac Brandy." The precise date at which the distillation of wine began in France is uncertain, but as far back as 1309 Arnault de Villeneuve, in his book entitled "Le Trésor des Pauvres," referring to "Eau de Vie," wrote: "It is a true elixir of life in that it prolongs the days of man, driveth away evil humours, quickeneth the heart-beats and preserveth youth." Cognac is a special brandy. It is true that there are many other parts of the world where brandy can be produced, and where various methods of distilling it have been tried, but it is an indubitable

DE VIE": AGE-OLD PROCESSES IN THE MAKING OF GENUINE COGNAC BRANDY.

fact that none of these countries has ever approached the product of the Cognac district either in flavour or quality. The soil and climate of the Cognac district, the old-fashioned method of distillation in pot stills, and the experience handed down for centuries from father to son of every process in brandy-making, from the growth of the grape through cultivation, distillation, and maturing, down to the finished article, blended, bottled, and ready for use, produces a brandy quite unlike any other, a brandy definitely superior and fitted for every vocation to which a brandy may be called. An invigorating beverage, a stand-by in emergency, considered by the medical man an essential aid in the treatment of many forms of illness, Cognac brandy stands alone. With its quality and Cognac authenticity guaranteed by the name of a well-known shipper, the consumer can rely upon Cognac brandy. It is in truth a remarkable natural product refined and matured by the distiller's and blender's aid into something incomparable, inimitable, and indispensable.

Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

MRS. WOOLF, *innovator mirabilis*, has discovered a new formula for the art of fiction. Her characters do not converse—they speak in soliloquy. They come in rotation to the front of the stage, and there, against a drop-scene representing the sea, not only tell us the story of their lives, but also analyse the process of living, making articulate that unexplored stratum of the consciousness which underlies the area of formulated thought. Thus we watch their development from childhood to late middle age; and, to mark the transitions, the drop-scene is continually changed: the sun rises, crosses the sky, and sets. But, since nothing is so changeless as the sea, the total effect of the book is one of fluidity and timelessness, as though infinity were repudiating man's puny efforts to measure it with a foot-rule.



MRS. SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN,
Author of "The Sons of Mrs. Aab."

It is very difficult to give an impression of a novel which is in itself the sum of innumerable impressions—impressions, sensations, and reflections, clustering in groups rather from the force of mutual attraction than in obedience to a definite scheme. As the title of the book suggests, the fact about human personality that interests Mrs. Woolf the most is its fluidity; we are as the waves of the sea, rising, falling, suffering innumerable changes of identity before at last we break upon the shore. Purpose, direction, the metaphors that consciousness borrows from the world of concrete phenomena to enable it to realise itself and give itself recognisable form, are, as applied to life, illusions.

"The Waves" is full of beauty: beauty of phrase, beauty of visual image. It puts a severe strain upon the mind's eye—indeed, upon all the senses, which are continually called upon to co-operate with the mind and render up their tiniest, most fleeting records. The writing is, as a rule, beyond praise, but a reflection made by one of the characters suggests a criticism: "Heaven be praised," I said, "we need not whip this prose into poetry." Mrs. Woolf's prose does occasionally give the impression that it has been whipped into poetry: the high wind of conscious art churns the omnipresent purple of the waves into a slight foam. There is no sense of effort relaxed; there are no flat passages. Some of the stage directions about the sea seem a little over-written; the sea often

lends but seldom gives itself to description. And I missed the author's delicious sense of humour—she is, indeed, debarred from using it, for humour depends on seeing things in a certain relationship, whereas Mrs. Woolf sees them in a state of flux, a mass of jarring atoms as before the advent of divine Cecilia.

Frau Vicki Baum has followed up her great success, "Grand Hotel," with a quite unsensational but extremely interesting novel. "Results of an Accident" tells how a motor-car crashed



MISS SUSAN ERTZ,
Author of "Julian Probert."

into a tree near the provincial town of Lohwinkel, killing the chauffeur and injuring, with various degrees of severity, its passengers, who were all people prominent in the public eye. The champion boxer escaped with nothing worse than a shock; Leone Lania, the film star, and Peter Carbon, the financial magnate, needed more prolonged medical attendance. This brought on to the scene Dr. Persenthein, whose abstract passion for medical science had rendered him unpopular in Lohwinkel. The people did not appreciate him, and his devoted wife found him trying; when Peter Carbon, a past-master in the art of love, showed her his sympathy she succumbed to it at once. The incidents of the story are ingeniously contrived to illustrate the effect of the three distinguished strangers on the town and its problems—an effect that seemed likely to be unfortunate, but was not so.

In "The Sons of Mrs. Aab," the shadows, already dark at the start, deepen steadily to the end. It is a gloomy book, Mrs. Millin's study of a small colony trying to wring a livelihood from a partially-exhausted diamond-mine. Fate pursues Gideon Aab, the elder of the brothers,

as relentlessly as the Furies pursued Orestes. Naturally unlucky, he was further handicapped by having to support his feeble-minded brother, Hercules, and his mother, who doted on her helpless child. Trying to indemnify himself against misfortune, Gideon had the desperate idea of insuring his brother's life; another darker shadow, the shadow of murder, begins to steal across the page. The reader's worst fears are more than fulfilled, although the manner of their fulfilment takes him by surprise. The story ends on a note of dreadful irony; it is a powerful piece of work, but written for those who take their pleasures sadly.

In need of comic relief, we find it in "Making Conversation." Lady Longford's heroine was encouraged to talk; but her efforts did her little but harm, whether at school (she was expelled from the first) or at Oxford, whence she was sent down to make room for a "better woman." In spite of (or perhaps because of) her maladroitness, Martha Freke endears herself to the reader. Whether anyone as clever could have been at the same time so foolish I take leave to doubt; but "Making Conversation" is a burlesque whose humour, if sometimes a little broad, rarely fails to amuse.

Mr. Upton Sinclair, as usual, strews his words not by the handful, but by the sack. "The Wet Parade" is an enormously long novel showing the reactions of an aristocratic Southern family to the drink problem in America. Maggie May's father and her husband's father had both been ruined by alcohol; a sad record, of which Maggie May, in addressing audiences on behalf of total abstinence, made the most. Her husband, a Prohibition agent, was killed by bootleggers; this gave her another



MR. W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, WHOSE "FIRST PERSON SINGULAR" HAS JUST BEEN PUBLISHED, STANDING BY THE PORTRAIT THAT MR. PHILIP STEEGMANN (RIGHT) HAS PAINTED OF HIM.

In Mr. Philip Steegmann's exhibition of pictures at the Claridge Gallery is the portrait of Mr. Somerset Maugham which is here seen. Mr. Maugham has just published a new volume of short stories called "First Person Singular."

argument, and we leave her expressing the hope that she will be the first woman martyr in the cause of Prohibition. Mr. Sinclair illustrates at length the working, or rather the breakdown, of the Volstead Act; he is an adept at finding corruption in high places, and he does not fail to find it in contemporary America. His book is a lively affair, injured by too much zeal.

"The S.S. San Pedro" is as much too short as "The Wet Parade" is too long. But perhaps we could not have borne any more of it—this terrible description of a ship whose doom was sealed from the moment when, not

floating quite level, it sailed from Hoboken pier under the command of a man who no doubt knew his job once, but was now too old and ill for so great a responsibility. The sinister appearance of Dr. Percival, the helplessness of the subordinate officers, increase the effect of horror. Mr. Cozzens has written a little masterpiece.

Miss Susan Ertz is a writer of charm, wisdom, humour, and discernment: all these qualities are exhibited in "Julian Probert": what it lacks is a strong compelling current of story. There are three tributaries to the main stream, but, like the Rhone and the Saône, they never quite mix. Individual scenes are excellent, though I think the set piece in which Sandra Devereux's protector arrives and explains her origin to the shrinking, sensitive Trellet is a little exaggerated.

Redcliffe was a school for the daughters of gentlemen—not a bad school, but with faults, faults among staff and pupils, which Miss Masterman has been quick to see. A captious reader might say she had invented the school in order to stick pins into it, but that would be hardly fair: she uses it as a legitimate field for the exercise of her high

spirits, her sense of humour, and her insight into the characters of girls. These qualities, with a good deal of shrewd, good-tempered satire, make "Gentlemen's Daughters" an entertaining book.

Among the month's fiction are three volumes of short stories, all of unusual interest. "The Night Visitor" shows Mr. Arnold Bennett in his most buoyant, sanguine mood. The stories are nearly all love-stories and nearly all end happily; but within these limits they display an astonishing fertility of invention. Even Mr. Richard Hughes does not give the effect of a gale more vividly than does Mr. Bennett in that brilliant, touching, and beautiful story, "The Wind." Mr. Bennett had an inexhaustible confidence in human nature, and he believed, to a greater degree than most of our novelists do, that a considerable measure of happiness lies within the reach of everyone. This conviction was never more apparent than in this (alas!) posthumous collection of stories.

No such conviction, I think, underlies the work of Mr. Somerset Maugham. Happiness, in his stories, is generally attainable only at the cost of other people's misery or the world's black looks. The men and women who find it in "First Person Singular" have usually defied convention or thrown overboard some previous loyalty. It must be admitted that in the process they give Mr. Maugham and his readers a good deal of amusement; and though sometimes they make the judicious grieve, their careers afford some salutary lessons to prigs and busybodies. Carruthers, for instance, suffered almost as much in his vanity as in his affections when he discovered that Lady Betty, idol of the fashionable world, was living in Rhodes with her chauffeur.

Of Miss May Sinclair's uncanny stories the title-piece, "The Intercessor," is decidedly the best. "Heaven" has an amusing idea, and "Jones's Karma" contains a profound truth. "The Villa Desirée" is the only story in the collection to make one's hair stand on end.

Mr. Martin Porlock knows how to be alarming too; the "supernatural" manifestations at Friar's Pardon are well done, if slightly over-done. Some of the characters are convincing—notably the rich woman novelist whose death, in the middle of her own house-party, seems exactly to bear out the old legend. And the means by which the murderer got rid of the water is both simple and horrible. But I tired a little of the amateur detective and his too-laconic speech.

"A Master of Hounds" is the life-story of Harry Buckland of Ashford, a prince of good fellows who knows all there is to be known about horse and hound. His adventures with both make admirable material for this breezy biography.



THE COUNTESS OF LONGFORD,
Whose first novel, "Making Conversation," has just been published.



FRAU VICKI BAUM,
Author of the famous "Grand Hotel," whose new novel, "Results of an Accident," was published recently.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

- The Waves. By Virginia Woolf. (Hogarth Press; 7s. 6d.)
Results of an Accident. By Vicki Baum. (Bles; 7s. 6d.)
The Sons of Mrs. Aab. By Sarah Gertrude Millin. (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d.)
Making Conversation. By the Countess of Longford. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)
The Wet Parade. By Upton Sinclair. (Werner Laurie; 7s. 6d.)
The S.S. "San Pedro." By J. G. Cozzens. (Longmans; 6s.)
Julian Probert. By Susan Ertz. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.)
Gentlemen's Daughters. By Margaret Masterman. (Nicholson and Watson; 7s. 6d.)
The Night Visitor. By Arnold Bennett. (Cassell; 7s. 6d.)
First Person Singular. By Somerset Maugham. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)
The Intercessor. By May Sinclair. (Hutchinson; 6s.)
Mystery at Friar's Pardon. By Martin Porlock. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)
A Master of Hounds. By One Who Knows Him. (Faber and Faber; 10s. 6d.)

INDICTED AS EGG-THIEF AND TREE-DAMAGER: THE GREY SQUIRREL.



2.
devouring fruit and vegetables. "Wherever you find the grey squirrel," it has been said, "the woods are silent. The song-birds are dead." It is said to have populated 14,000 square miles in England. In various parts of the country it has become a pest, and its extinction is favoured by the Ministry of Agriculture. The chief ranger of one of the L.C.C. open spaces in North London is reported to have said: "The trouble about the grey squirrel is that it is such a prolific breeder. In a very few years one pair will multiply to a hundred, and they bring destruction in their train. When their natural foods, such as nuts, are not available in sufficient quantities, they nip off the buds and damage the shoots of young trees. But I doubt whether we shall see the last of them

[Continued in 3.]

A CAUTIOUS THIEF: A GREY SQUIRREL AT THE "ZOO" TAKES NEARLY 20 MINUTES TO APPROACH A TOY MOUSE WITH A NUT, AND THEN BOLTS WHEN QUITE CLOSE.

1.

IT was stated a few days ago that the London County Council had ordered the extermination of all grey squirrels in the parks and open spaces under its control. The grey squirrel has been proved guilty of doing havoc in bird sanctuaries, eating eggs and young birds, killing pheasants and partridges, damaging trees, and

[Continued in 2.]



THE GREY SQUIRREL SCREWS UP HIS COURAGE AGAIN FOR A FRONTAL ATTACK: CREEPING ALONG INCH BY INCH TOWARDS HIS DIMINUTIVE ADVERSARY WITH THE COVETED NUT.

3.

for a long time, for they are cunning in scenting danger." The grey squirrel (really an American tree-rat and not a squirrel at all) was introduced into this country from North America about fifty years ago, and since its arrival the native red squirrel of British woodlands, a smaller and shyer animal, has decreased in numbers. One locality near London where the red squirrel survives is Epping Forest. Any left in L.C.C. parks, being less harmful than the grey squirrels, will not be molested.



AT LAST, FINDING THE MOUSE IMMOBILE, THE GREY SQUIRREL MAKES A BLIND RUSH FOR THE NUT AND BOLTS WITH IT UP A TREE: A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF THE AMUSING BUT VERY DESTRUCTIVE SPECIES RECENTLY CONDEMNED BY THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL TO EXTERMINATION IN PARKS AND OPEN SPACES.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



GIVEN TO THE CITY TEMPLE BY "MR. NOBODY, OF LONDON": A PICTURE OF CHRIST, BY CAPTAIN WILL LONGSTAFF (STANDING BESIDE IT).

This picture of Christ was painted by Captain Longstaff for an anonymous stranger, who sent it to the City Temple as a gift from "Mr. Nobody, of London." It is entitled "If Thou Hadst Known," and on that text, at the donor's request, Dr. F. W. Norwood preached in the church on November 8. The lights were turned out, and a single beam played on the painting. Captain Longstaff was an official Australian war artist. His picture, "The Ghosts of Menin Gate" (reproduced in our issue of Nov. 10, 1928), was given by Lord Woolavington to the Federal Parliament, Canberra.

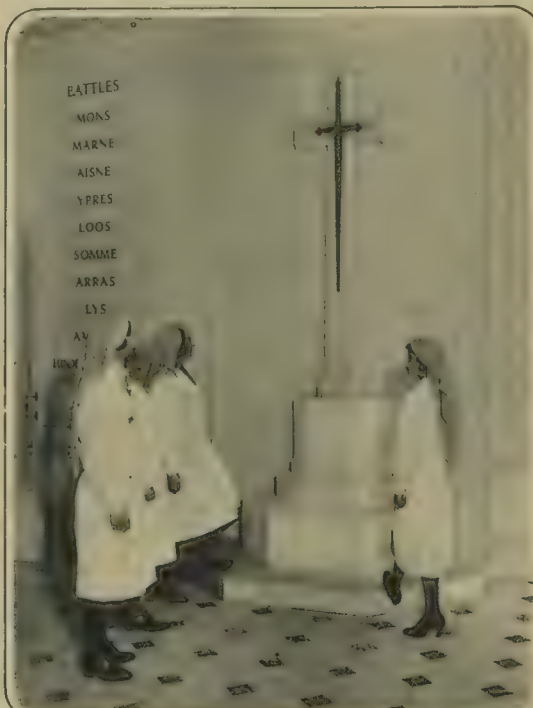


THE IRISH HOSPITALS SWEEPSTAKE CASE: MR. EMILIO SCALA (CENTRE), WITH TWO SOLICITORS, LEAVING THE DUBLIN COURTS AFTER AN ADJOURNMENT.

The action concerning the first prize of £354,724 in the Irish Hospitals Sweepstake on the Grand National was continued in Dublin on November 6, after having already occupied twelve days. Mr. Justice Meredith delivered part of his judgment, and the case was then adjourned. In this action, Antonio Apicella and Matteo Constantino sued Emilio Scala, who drew the winning ticket, claiming to be co-owners with him of the ticket.



IN THE NEW HEADQUARTERS OF THE LEAGUE OF REMEMBRANCE, OPENED RECENTLY BY THE QUEEN: THE STAIRCASE LEADING TO THE "QUARTER DECK," WITH REGIMENTAL COATS OF ARMS AS MEMORIALS.



THE WAR MEMORIAL IN THE HALL OF REMEMBRANCE AT THE NEW HEADQUARTERS—AN INSTITUTION TO "HONOUR THE DEAD BY HELPING THE LIVING."

On November 10, the Queen opened the new headquarters of the League of Remembrance at 48, Bryanston Square. The League's watchword is "To honour the dead by helping the living," and it carries on the work of the war hospital supply depots. Any hospital or welfare centre can send in materials, which are made up free of charge. The members, all expert needlewomen, work voluntarily. Over 90,000 articles are made annually, including garments, bed-linen, and surgical bandages for over 400 hospitals.



HISTORIC RELICS IN THE "QUARTER DECK" ROOM OF THE LEAGUE OF REMEMBRANCE: A LIFEBELT FROM H.M.S. "LION"; THE SHIP'S WHEEL FROM THE "RENOUN."



A FAMOUS RACING CAR IN THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW: THE "BLUE BIRD," IN WHICH SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL MADE THE WORLD'S LAND SPEED RECORD OF 246.09 M.P.H.



A FAMOUS RACING MOTOR-BOAT IN THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW: "MISS ENGLAND II," IN WHICH MR. KAYE DON MADE THE WORLD'S WATER SPEED RECORD OF 110.28 M.P.H.

On November 9, the new Lord Mayor of London, Sir Maurice Jenks, inaugurated his year of office with the traditional procession to the Law Courts. The Lord Mayor's Show took the form of a pageant of the Progress of Industry aided by Science. The chief industries represented were Radio, the Cinematograph, Transport, Gas, Electricity, and Communications. In the Transport



THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON: SIR MAURICE JENKS AT THE WINDOW OF THE HISTORIC STATE COACH, AT THE START OF HIS PROCESSION THROUGH THE CITY.

section were many interesting old vehicles—bicycles, a horse-omnibus, and pioneer motor-cars—besides modern types, including those historic record-makers, the "Blue Bird" racing-car, lent by Sir Malcolm Campbell, and "Miss England II," the famous speed-boat, lent by Lord Wakefield. Despite downpours of rain, the crowds in the streets were as large as ever.

PAGEANTRY OF A MOMENTOUS WEEK: REGAL AND CIVIC OCCASIONS.



THE GUILDHALL
BANQUET:
AT THE HIGH TABLE.

At the high table (from left to right) are seen Lord Sankey, Miss Ishbel MacDonald, the French Ambassador, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Sir W. Phené Neal, the late Lord Mayor; Sir Maurice Jenks, the Lord Mayor; Lady Jenks, Lady Neal, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and (on the right of the photograph) Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Baldwin.

AS is customary, the Lord Mayor's Banquet was held in the Guildhall on the night of November 9. In his speech, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald said: "We have two great problems to solve, and I can assure you that my colleagues mean to solve them. The first is that the nation should balance its Budget. We cannot live on borrowing. We cannot live on the destruction of our capital. Moreover, the nation must balance its trade. . . . We intend, as soon as practicable, to take steps which will most surely tend to stabilise the pound on a definite basis."

THE STATE OPENING
OF PARLIAMENT.

HIS Majesty the King, who was accompanied by her Majesty the Queen, opened Parliament in State on Tuesday, November 10. The drive from Buckingham Palace to the Houses of Parliament and back was made in the world-famous State Coach. In the King's Speech was the following: " . . . My Government intend to pursue the policy of promoting peace and goodwill and to continue their active interest in the work of the League of Nations. . . . The nation, at the General Election, endorsed those measures for securing economy and balancing the National Budget which constituted the first essential steps in the solution of the financial and economic problems with which the country has been confronted. The nation was also invited by my Ministers to empower them to pursue a policy designed fully to re-establish confidence in our financial stability and to give them authority to frame plans for ensuring a favourable balance of trade. They further sought from the nation unfettered discretion to consider every proposal likely to be of assistance in these matters. My Ministers have now received a clear and emphatic mandate to that effect. . . ."



THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT BY THE KING ON TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 10: HIS MAJESTY, ACCOMPANIED BY HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, DRIVING TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS IN THE STATE COACH.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER:
NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF PIEDMONT TAKE UP THEIR RESIDENCE IN NAPLES:
THE ROYAL PAIR ON THE BALCONY OF THE PALACE.

The Prince and Princess of Piedmont arrived in Naples on November 4, there to take up their residence, the Prince having been appointed to the command of the 25th Infantry Brigade. Demonstrations of enthusiasm greeted them, and they were welcomed officially by the Podesta, the Duke of Bovino, the Royal Commissioner, and by Signor de Bono, Minister of the Colonies, who represented the Government. The Prince, it need hardly be pointed out, is the Heir Apparent to the Italian Throne. His marriage to Princess Marie-José of Belgium took place in 1930.



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VISIT TO MERSEYSIDE—AS MASTER OF THE MERCHANT NAVY:
(L. TO R.) HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS; CAPTAIN AGNEW; AND (EXTREME RIGHT) LORD DERBY.

The Prince of Wales, Master of the Merchant Navy, spent a long day on Merseyside on November 4. In the evening, in his capacity as Master of the Honourable Company of Master Mariners, he attended at a dinner of the Company in the Liverpool Town Hall. Two marine institutions were visited by his Royal Highness at Wallasey: the first of these was the Home for Aged Mariners; the other was the Lancashire and National Sea Training Home. On November 5 the Prince visited, with his host, Lord Derby, the Royal Liverpool Seamen's Orphan Institution.



A NEWCOMER TO THE "ZOO": THE FEMALE TREE-KANGAROO; CARRYING ITS YOUNG.

Recent acquisitions by the Zoological Society include an adult male and female tree-kangaroo; the latter with a young one in her pouch. They were part of a collection recently made by Mr. F. Shaw Mayer in what was formerly German New Guinea.



A 6500-TON CARGO-BOT ON THE GOODWINS: THE U.S. "HYBERT"
AGROUND ON THE TREACHEROUS SANDS.

The United States Shipping Board's 6500-ton cargo-steamer, "Hybert," bound for Antwerp, which had been aground on the Goodwin Sands since the morning of November 6, was refloated on November 9. An effort made on November 8 by thirteen tugs proved useless, and it was then decided that the only hope of saving the ship was to jettison the cargo, which consisted largely of phosphates and wheat in bulk. Great dispatch was necessary; it was estimated that the discharge of 40 tons would raise the ship only an inch—and the tendency of the quicksands was to suck her further and further in. The Walmer lifeboat stood by for almost the whole of the period.



JETTISONED CARGO FROM THE "HYBERT" COMES
ASHORE: DEAL BOATMEN SALVAGING COTTON BALES.



THE CHARMING COUNTRY RESIDENCE PRESENTED TO THE DUKE AND DUCHESS
OF YORK BY THE KING: THE ROYAL LODGE, WINDSOR GREAT PARK.

The King has given the Royal Lodge, Windsor Great Park, to the Duke and Duchess of York, as a country home. It is understood that their Royal Highnesses will take up residence there early in the new year. It is pointed out that this delightful seat will make an ideal playground for the little Princesses. It is about three miles from Windsor Castle and the same distance from Fort Belvedere, the Prince of Wales's country home. Formerly, it was known as the King's Cottage, and it was much used by King George IV.



PRINCE GEORGE OPENS WIMBLEDON'S NEW TOWN HALL—WITH AN ORDINARY KEY:
THE BIG CROWD THAT WAITED OUTSIDE THE BUILDING TO CHEER.

Prince George visited Wimbledon on November 5 and opened the new Town Hall and municipal buildings. He was given a great reception by what was estimated to be the largest crowd ever assembled in Broadway—numbering some 40,000. The new buildings cost about £155,000 and were designed by Messrs. Bradshaw Gass and Hope, F.F.R.I.B.A. In the Town Hall Prince George was welcomed by the Mayor. It was notable that on this occasion the Prince used a plain, instead of a gold, key for the ceremonial opening—his own choice, made in the interests of economy.

The "Pantomime" of Java: Buffoons and Princes on the Stage.

FROM THE PAINTINGS BY STOWITTS. REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST. (COPYRIGHTS RESERVED.)



THE TWO BUFFOONS, PANTJOK AND DOYO, WHO AFFORD LIGHT RELIEF IN THE JAVANESE "PANTOMIMES."

Pantjok and Doyo, the buffoon servants of Panji, are adored by the populace. They are grotesquely masked, and their costumes are draped in an imitation of the full Court dress of Javanese nobles. Their attitude reveals them as the counterparts of the back-chat comedians of English music halls, and shows that the popularity of the clown is not confined to the civilisation of the West.



A NEPHEW OF KING PAKU BUWONO OF SOLO, JAVA, IN THE RÔLE OF GOTATKOCKO.

Raden Mas Kudokusumatmodjo plays the part of Gotatkocko, whose mother was a giantess. She changed herself into a beautiful woman in order to win the affections of the great Bhima, the hot-tempered hero of the "Mahabarata" epic. Gotatkocko is a great favourite with Javanese audiences, because he flies through the heavens. Here he carries a remarkably fine enamelled dagger-sabbard. "Raden" is the title of a prince's son.

These very decorative paintings, the work of the distinguished artist Stowitts, form part of a remarkable series, a further selection from which will appear in colours in "The Illustrated London News" Christmas Number, which will be published on November 23. They depict characters in the traditional Javanese drama, which may be described as the equivalent of pantomime. Most of the



A JAVANESE PRINCE IN THE RÔLE OF PANJI, WEeping AT THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

Raden Mas Soetijo, a Prince of the Javanese Court, is seen here in the tragic part of Panji. Panji is the hero of a cycle of Javanese historical dramas, and is not a part of the Hindu epics, the "Mahabarata" and the "Ramayana," from which the majority of Javanese dramas are taken. Accomplishment in the arts of the theatre is an essential of culture in the island.



PETROOK, GARENG, AND SEMAR, THE MOST BELOVED OF ALL THE CHARACTERS IN THE JAVANESE DRAMA

When the Javanese adopted the two Hindu epics, they put these characters bodily in as the servants of Arjuna and Rama. They are gods incarnated as buffoons to give "heavenly" advice to their masters. Like Pantjok and Doyo, the servants of Panji, these clown characters are native to Java, not to India, and their insertion satisfies the people's need for the ridiculous as well as the sublime.

individual dramas are taken from the Hindu epics, the "Mahabarata" and the "Ramayana," though native taste is responsible for certain changes. In describing his impressions of Java (in "ASIA" magazine), Stowitts writes: "The theatre is the literature of Java. . . . No Javanese is considered a man of culture unless he is well versed in the various arts of the theatre."

Hippos in Their Natural Haunts in the Kruger National Park: A Popular South African Attraction.

AFTER THE ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPH. REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF MR. PAUL STEIN.



KINDRED OF "HUBERTA," VENERATED BY THE BANTU AS A REINCARNATION OF A CHIEF: A HERD OF HIPPOPOTAMI SECURE IN THEIR HOME IN THE KOMATI RIVER.

Among the many natural attractions in the famous Kruger National Park, situated in the Low Veld of the Eastern Transvaal, South Africa, there is a herd of hippopotami which has made a permanent home in the Komati River, not far from the Game Reserve, and close to the town of Komatipoort, on the eastern border of the Transvaal, adjoining the Portuguese Province of Mozambique. The family of hippos in this river has been preserved for more than thirty years, and this lengthy immunity has made them comparatively tame and accustomed to human beings. They may be seen at almost any hour of the day in the shallower pools or basking in the sun on sand-banks. Formerly, the hippopotamus was plentiful in all South African rivers, but to-day they are only found in the larger and deeper rivers, such as the Zambesi, where they are still numerous in less frequented areas towards Central Africa. Records of protected herds show that they do not increase rapidly, which may be due to their migratory habits. They are a great source of damage to riparian owners, and for this reason many in the past have been destroyed. Colonel J. Stevenson-Hamilton, Warden of the Kruger National Park, considers that, of the species of larger animals in South Africa,

the hippo is in greatest danger of extermination. Owing to their habits of life in rivers, it is difficult to herd them or afford them complete protection. Many readers may recall the recent death of a famous hippopotamus named Huberta, which wandered for many years along the coastal territory from Zululand to the vicinity of East London and the Cape Eastern Province, and was destroyed by some farmers there. Huberta's death caused a wave of national indignation in South Africa, and the offenders were brought to justice and heavily fined. Huberta appeared at various native kraals, and was venerated among the Bantu as the reincarnation of one of their ancient chiefs. Weighing some three tons, and having an almost impenetrably tough hide, often 2 in. thick, the wild hippo is a formidable quarry, and the only fatal shots are those directed under the eye or behind the ear. The animal is rigorously protected throughout South Africa, and is among the natural attractions which interest visitors from Europe and elsewhere. The winter travel season to South Africa has now commenced, and those of our readers seeking information about this Dominion can obtain it from the Director, Publicity and Travel Bureau, South Africa House, 73, Strand, London, W.C.2.



"THE CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN."

A Reconstruction of the Panel at the Foot of the Tomb of King Henry IV. in Canterbury Cathedral.

Concerning the panel at the foot of King Henry IV.'s tomb, and this reconstruction of it, we cannot do better than quote the "Canterbury Cathedral Chronicle": "The remains of this interesting painting, which must have been a very fine example of mediæval art, executed about the time of the King's death (1413) and worthy of a royal tomb, have recently been carefully cleaned and preserved. A close examination reveals the details described; and well-preserved fragments, such as hands and heads and pieces of drapery, testify to the nature of and quality of the workmanship. With the evidence thus provided, a beautiful reconstruction has been made by Dr. E. W. Tristram, which, although defining what exists, and completing missing parts,

introduces nothing of a conjectural nature. It has been placed nearby the original." In the description to which reference is made is: "Beneath the Blessed Virgin are traces of the kneeling figures of kings. One, it may reasonably be assumed, represents King Henry IV.; the other, bearing a martyr's palm, is, we might with less certainty conjecture, that of Edward the Confessor." To this we should add that the reconstruction was made at the cost of a "Friend of Canterbury Cathedral"; and we may recall that there is also to be seen in Canterbury Cathedral that reconstruction, by Professor Tristram, of the tester over the tomb of the Black Prince which was reproduced in colours in "The Illustrated London News" of July 12, 1930.

REPRODUCED FROM THE RECONSTRUCTION BY DR. E. W. TRISTRAM; BY COURTESY OF THE TREASURER OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL AND THE "FRIENDS OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL."

THE CABINET: A NATIONAL GOVERNMENT WITH A NATIONAL MANDATE.



LORD HAILSHAM.
Secretary for War.
(Conservative.)



SIR HERBERT SAMUEL.
Home Secretary.
(Liberal.)



MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD.
Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury.
(National Labour.)



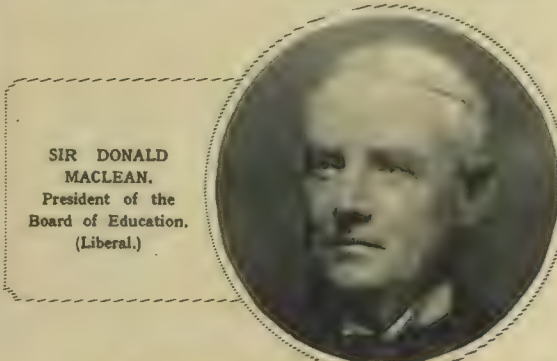
SIR ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR.
Secretary for Scotland.
(Liberal.)



THE MARQUESS OF LONDON-
DERRY.
Secretary for Air. (Conservative.)



LORD SANKEY.
Lord Chancellor.
(National Labour.)



SIR DONALD
MACLEAN.
President of the
Board of Education.
(Liberal.)



MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN.
Chancellor of the Exchequer.
(Conservative.)



MR. J. H. THOMAS.
Secretary for the Dominions.
(National Labour.)



MR. PHILIP SNOWDEN.
Lord Privy Seal.
(National Labour.)



SIR JOHN SIMON.
Foreign Secretary.
(Liberal National.)

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD announced on November 5 the formation of his Cabinet, which consists of twenty members, as against twenty-one in the Labour Government and ten in the first National Cabinet. Speaking in the Guildhall on November 9, he said: "The Government is a unique Government, elected under unique circumstances to meet what is, happily

(Continued opposite.

for this country, a unique situation. We made a national appeal. We have received a national mandate. We are a National Government. The Cabinet and the Administration consist of members of all parties, none of whom has shed his party allegiance, combined together to serve the nation in overcoming special difficulties in its economic life."



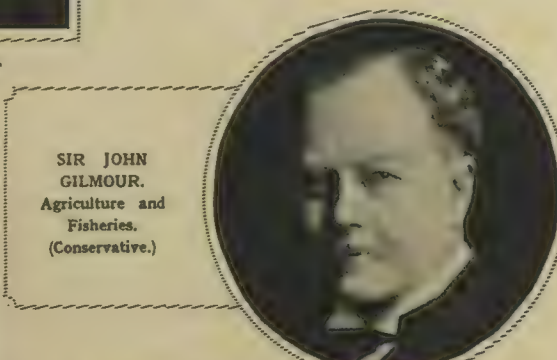
SIR PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER.
Secretary for the Colonies.
(Conservative.)



SIR SAMUEL HOARE.
Secretary for India.
(Conservative.)



SIR E. HILTON
YOUNG.
Minister of Health.
(Conservative.)



SIR JOHN
GILMOUR.
Agriculture and
Fisheries.
(Conservative.)



SIR BOLTON EYRES-MONSELL.
First Lord of the Admiralty.
(Conservative.)



MR. WALTER RUNCIMAN.
President of the Board of Trade.
(Liberal National.)



MR. STANLEY BALDWIN.
Lord President of the Council.
(Conservative.)



SIR HENRY BETTERTON.
Minister of Labour.
(Conservative.)



MR. W. ORMSBY-GORE.
First Commissioner of Works.
(Conservative.)

THE THIRTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF ARMISTICE DAY: THE CENOTAPH CEREMONY, AND THE FIELD OF REMEMBRANCE.



ARMISTICE DAY OBSERVANCES IN LONDON: (1) A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CENOTAPH CEREMONY FROM THE SOUTH, LOOKING UP WHITEHALL TOWARDS THE WAR OFFICE (CENTRE) AND INDIAN RULERS (LEFT), AND (TO RIGHT OF CENOTAPH) CLERGY AND CHORISTERS. (2) WOMEN PLANTING POPPIES BY SEARCHLIGHT ON THE FIELD OF REMEMBRANCE OUTSIDE WESTMINSTER ABBEY ON THE PREVIOUS EVENING. (3) CABINET MEMBERS AND OTHERS AT THE CENOTAPH: (L. TO R.) FRONT ROW—SIR P. CUNLIFFE-LISTER, MR. J. H. THOMAS, (CAPT. TITEROV), LORD SANKEY, AND MR. MACDONALD; SECOND ROW—MR. W. O'BRYEN-CORR, SIR HENRY BETTERTON, SIR DONALD MACLAREN, SIR JOHN GELMOUR, SIR E. HILTON YOUNG, AND MR. G. LANSBURY (LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION).

The thirteenth anniversary of the Armistice was celebrated in London, on November 11, by a renewal of the great annual solemn ceremony at the Cenotaph. His Majesty the King, by the decision of his medical advisers, was not present, but observed the Two Minutes' Silence in his private apartment at Buckingham Palace. The Queen, with the Duchess of York, watched the Cenotaph ceremony from a window in the Home Office overlooking Whitehall. As usual, a hollow square was formed around the Cenotaph. On the north side were columns of ex-Servicemen and women; on the south, the bands of the Brigade of Guards, the Royal Navy, the Royal Marines, and the Royal Air Force; on the east, detachments of the Household Cavalry, Royal Horse Artillery, Brigade of Guards, and Territorials; and on the west, detachments of the Royal Navy, Marines, Naval Reserve and Volunteer Reserve, Air Force, and men of the Merchant Service and Fishing Fleets. Within the square thus formed, the Royal Princes took position north of the Cenotaph, and near them the Ruling Princes of India; on the east side were the Bishop of London and other clergy with the choir; while



BACKGROUND, AND SHOWING THE HOME OFFICE (LEFT), WHERE THE QUEEN WATCHED; THE CABINET (TO LEFT OF CENOTAPH); JUST BEYOND IT, THE ROYAL PRINCES (RIGHT) WESTMINSTER ABBEY ON THE PREVIOUS EVENING. (1) CABINET MEMBERS AND OTHERS AT THE CENOTAPH: (L. TO R.) FRONT ROW—SIR P. CUNLIFFE-LISTER, MR. J. H. THOMAS, (CAPT. TITEROV), LORD SANKEY, AND MR. MACDONALD; SECOND ROW—MR. W. O'BRYEN-CORR, SIR HENRY BETTERTON, SIR DONALD MACLAREN, SIR JOHN GELMOUR, SIR E. HILTON YOUNG, AND MR. G. LANSBURY (LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION).

to the west were stationed the Prime Minister with the other members of the new National Government. Shortly before eleven o'clock the Prince of Wales placed the King's wreath at the base of the Cenotaph, followed by other members of the Royal Family and representatives of the Government, the Dominions, India, the Colonies, and the Services. On the first stroke of eleven from Big Ben began the Silence, which was ended by the firing of a gun and the Last Post sounded by trumpeters of the Royal Air Force. Then followed a short service, the Reveille, and one verse of the National Anthem. As usual, the anniversary was also observed as "Poppy Day," and thousands of Flanders poppies were set in the Field of Remembrance outside Westminster Abbey. On the previous evening this area had been lighted up by searchlight, and it was arranged that it and the north side of the Abbey itself should be flood-lit every succeeding evening till Sunday, November 15. This year a new token of remembrance has been used, in the form of a poppy fixed to a small model of the crosses used during the war on the graves of British dead.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



MR. GEOFFREY LLOYD, M.P.

Chosen to move the Commons Address in reply to the King's Speech at the Opening of Parliament. One of the youngest M.P.'s. Formerly Private Secretary to Mr. Baldwin. Conservative M.P. for Ladywood, Birmingham. Aged 29.



MR. A. J. FLINT, M.P.

Chosen for the honour of seconding the Commons Address in reply to the King's Speech on November 10. One of the youngest Members of the new House of Commons. National Labour Member for Ilkeston, Derbyshire, a seat he won by two votes.



MR. TOM RICHARDS.

Died November 7; aged seventy-two. General Secretary for the South Wales Miners Federation from its organisation in 1898. M.P., 1904. The first "miners' M.P." to join the Labour Party. Member of the Trades Union Congress, General Council, 1925.



ADMIRAL SIR A. H. LIMPUS.

Died November 3; aged sixty-eight. Commander in the "Terrible" when Percy Scott sent her guns on improvised mountings up to Ladysmith; was at Colenso, Spion Kop, and Vaal Krantz. Naval Adviser to the Turkish Government, 1912.



MR. ARNOLD BAX.

As described on page 788 of this number, Mr. Arnold Bax, one of the best known living English composers, was presented with a Gold Medal by the President of the Royal Academy of Music at the Royal Philharmonic Society's Concert on November 5.



MR. C. A. BUTLER'S GREAT FLIGHT FROM ENGLAND TO AUSTRALIA IN 9 DAYS 2 HOURS 29 MINUTES: THE AIRMAN WITH HIS SMALL BRITISH COMPER SWIFT MONOPLANE, WHICH HAS AN ENGINE OF ONLY 75 H.P.

Mr. C. A. Butler, who left London on October 31 on an attempt to beat the record time for a flight from England to Australia, landed at Darwin, Northern Australia, at 4.53 p.m. on November 9. He had thus beaten Mr. C. W. A. Scott's record by one hour. Lord Londonderry, Secretary of State for Air, sent a special message of congratulation to Mr. Butler. The most extraordinary part about this flight was the remarkable performance with a small engine. This had been on the

market less than six months; made its first public appearance in the King's Cup Race in July; and was flown from London to Johannesburg in August. Both the Comper Swift monoplane and this 75-h.p. Pobjoy engine behaved perfectly satisfactorily. The Comper Swift is a single-seater high wing monoplane, and its engine is of lower power than those used in the Moth and the Avian, yet its speed is higher—116 m.p.h. Both the machine and the engine are British.



THE CHIEF SCOUT AS A DOCTOR OF LAW: LORD BADEN-POWELL AT CAMBRIDGE.

On November 7 an honorary degree of Doctor of Law was conferred upon Lord Baden-Powell. He was presented to the Vice-Chancellor. Mr. Will Spens, Master of Corpus Christi, in a laudatory Latin speech delivered by the Public Orator. Nearly 200 University Rover Scouts attended the Congregation in Scout uniform.



THE ALFRED HUTTON MEMORIAL CHALLENGE CUP: FRÄULEIN MAYER (LEFT), THE RUNNER-UP; AND MISS PEGGY BUTLER, THE WINNER.

The Alfred Hutton Memorial Cup was won on November 6 by the British champion, Miss Peggy Butler. The world champion, Fraulein Mayer, was the runner-up. Miss Butler headed the final pool with no defeat, and Fraulein Mayer lost only to the winner, who scored a very fine win over her by five hits to two. The pools were fought at Bertrand's Fencing Academy.



MR. MAUNG MAUNG JI, THE BURMESE NATIONALIST LEADER, IN LONDON.

Mr. Maung Maung Ji is now in London as a delegate for the forthcoming Burma Round-Table Conference. He is a barrister-at-law and a prominent member of the People's Party. He was Education Minister in the first Session of the Burma Legislative Council, 1923-25. Most of the other delegates to the Conference have also arrived.



The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



THE SPELL OF AN IDYLL.—A "PSYCHOLOGICAL" FARCE.—THOSE HEAVENLY TWINS.

IT is the women who have made the vogue of "Autumn Crocus," Miss C. L. Anthony's pleasing firstling. Women, young and old, form the majority of its still growing audiences. Women, especially of the workaday world, rave over it. To them it is a midsummer night's dream,

Miss Anthony owes a great deal to her chief exponents: first, Miss Fay Compton, now succeeded by Miss Isobel Elsom, both as "fair as a lily" and ideally suited to the romance of their parts; and Mr. Francis Lederer, whose hearty exuberance makes the lover a most sympathetic figure.

Miss Xenia Lowinsky has fairly achieved that most difficult thing, to turn *esprit gaulois* into English humour. When one reads "Balthazar," by Leopold Marchand, the trend of the story and its treatment seem so intrinsically French that the adaptation would offer insuperable difficulties. But in "Make Up Your Mind," which is now running gaily at the Criterion, she has maintained the flavour of the original without betraying the foreign origin. It is a very quaint story, almost too good to give entirely away: the invasion of a tranquil seaside family by a weird individual who poses as a millionaire and, in the oddest way, upsets their domestic peace, promises them fortunes and career, and generally behaves like the polite lunatic in "The Belle of New York." The man must be mad, we think, and soon we find that a great psychiatrist is on his track and eager to send him to an asylum. We firmly believe in the doctor's knowledge and his wisdom. He talks learnedly about lunacy and cures, he has the address of a sage and the bedside manner of the perfect physician. We feel sure that in due course

In reality they are no relation, Miss Cicely Courtneidge and Mr. Nelson Keys, but on the stage there is no couple so germanely fraternising, except perhaps the Astaires. And between the former two there is this fundamental difference. Mr. Nelson Keys, no sooner did he exchange commerce for the theatre, immediately revealed himself as a comic genius of protean endowment. But Miss Cicely Courtneidge, when she began in musical comedy some twenty years ago, showed no particular promise. She was—she may like to hear it now—an awkward little actress of no appealing grace or talent. Unkind people said that she would never have had good parts but for the fact that she was the daughter of Robert Courtneidge, the famous manager. And for years she plodded on on the same plane, without making a mark or distinct progress. Then the miracle happened. She met and married Mr. Jack Hulbert, an accomplished actor and, as a producer, a moulder of men and women. In their association and under his influence and inspiration she developed body and mind; the talent that was slumbering in her became awakened and alert. Gradually she made her name and her popularity grew with every new effort in revue. Now she is, with Mr. Nelson Keys, the foremost *vedette* in the lightsome realm of satire and humour. There is nothing that she cannot do. In "Folly to Be Wiser" she even emulates the hair-raising feats of acrobatic dancers and lets herself be thrust about like a mere feather ball. And there is this contrast between the professional dancer and her parodist—that the one is in dead earnest, whilst the other, Miss Cicely Courtneidge, despite her amazing gyra-



A SCENE FROM THE SCREEN VERSION OF MR. A. A. MILNE'S SUCCESSFUL PLAY, "MICHAEL AND MARY": THE DISCONSOLATE MARY (MISS EDNA BEST) IN A ROOM IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM IN 1899.

The story of the play and the film opens in 1899. Mary has been deserted by her blackguard husband, Price, when she meets Michael in the British Museum. They fall in love and eventually "marry" bigamously. All goes well for over twenty years, when the real husband turns up, and attempts to blackmail the happy couple. Michael grows angry, there is a struggle, and an accident. Price falls dead. Michael has to face the coroner's inquest, but the secret is kept, though there are moments of exciting tension. In some trepidation, Michael and Mary reveal their secret to their debonair and chivalrous young son (Mr. Frank Lawton), when he also makes a love match.

this simple story of the schoolmarm who had never loved nor been wooed, and, on her holiday in the Tyrolean paradise, met a man as simple as herself, but to her the incarnation of all the heroes of poetry, the troubadours, the Romeos, the Enoch Ardens. For a day and a night she dwelt in Nirvana; she was going to throw her career to the winds; she was going to stay in the mountain-land, and she hoped and she prayed that her dream might become true. Then came the rude awakening on the summit of the Alp, after a fervent embrace and a vision of the seventh heaven. One word, carelessly uttered by the way—a passing allusion to "my wife"—rent the tender woof of her illusions, cast her into the dark abyss of reality. He, like a man, was ready to "carry on"; but for her the dream was ended for ever. No Alpine sunshine any more for her; no prospect of romance, home, and, maybe, children; but the murky atmosphere of Manchester, the prosy school, the dry daily task—a lonely road without a turning. Her holiday had indeed been a holy day of bliss and hope. But it all crumbled to pieces and to dust because, in sight of realisation, the ideal had been overwhelmed by brutal reality.

Now, all this appeals greatly to the unsophisticated mind which revels in a love-story and the purity of the heroine. For she never knew that her idol was a married man until he spoke the fateful words, "my wife." Hers was the awakening of the lonesome spinster, hitherto subdued by the primness of her calling and her visionless life, to love and passion. When she sat with him on the mountain and yielded to his embraces, she responded with the fervour of her virginity; earth was nowhere; heaven lay before her in all its promise of a glorious future. Nor would the average woman blame the man for his infatuation; such gentle aberrations may come to the best of them in an atmosphere far away from the workaday world. He meant no harm; he was merely carried away by her innocence, her charm, her irresistible femininity. And so in their heart of hearts all true women are drawn to the lovers, and at their parting they feel a pang of exquisite pain. Beyond that love-story the play is of no particular importance; the surroundings, humorously drawn, are just life-like enough to maintain the *stimmung*; it goes to prove that the young author knows how to frame her picture. The only dissonant note comes from the free union of two collateral characters, a loutish pair, neither well drawn nor amusing. They were intended as a contrast, no doubt, the prosaic *versus* the romantic; but somehow it is not well struck, and merely conveys the impression of superfluous padding.

he will coax the raving financier to become "close confined and cabined." But—and here is the crux of the play—we are entirely on the wrong track, and not until the last moment before the curtain's fall is it revealed who's who. It is an opportunity for two excellent character-actors to demonstrate their versatility and finesse of conception. Both Mr. Baliol Holloway and Mr. H. R. Hignett play with infinite zest and gusto. Mr. Holloway is a regular stormy petrel, whose madness is almost uncontrolled by drastic latent method; Mr. Hignett is as placid as a wise man of the Orient, lading out medical theories with a profound air of learning. From first to last we were deceived by this jolly pair and all the merrier for having our legs soundly pulled by them.



THE BRITISH FILM OF "MICHAEL AND MARY," NOW SHOWING AT THE NEW GALLERY: MICHAEL, THE CHIVALROUS, ENTERTAINS IN A CHOP HOUSE THE HUNGRY GIRL HE MET IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM. Mary is played by Miss Edna Best; Michael by Mr. Herbert Marshall.



MICHAEL, MARY, AND TULLIVANT TAKE A MAFEKING RIDE IN A HANSOM—IN THE FILM "MICHAEL AND MARY": MR. HERBERT MARSHALL, MISS EDNA BEST, AND MR. BEN FIELD (L. TO R.)

tions, laughs the airs and graces of the show-woman to scorn and treats the whole business as a joke. For that is the paramount *trait* of her genius, and that of Mr. Nelson Keys, that they both find an infinite source of humour in the most commonplace people and events; that in their sketches they draw a thumb-nail of characterisation with lightning rapidity; that, as it were, they vivisection their victims on the spot. At one moment they represent them as they fancy themselves, and at the next reveal them grotesquely as they really are.

These transitions are accompanied by an uncanny *flair* for self-effacement. With the aid of make-up, costume, and the wig-maker, their own personalities entirely disappear; their voices change; we hardly recognise their identities, so wholly are they immersed in every new phase of their kaleidoscopic renaissances. These two are great comedians, for they see people, their foibles and their peculiarities, in the radiance of humour, and they reflect them in a mirage that more or less exactly corresponds with our imagination and sensitiveness to the ludicrous. It would seem a pity that such priceless gifts should be merely bestowed on revue, although many revues are infinitely superior to entertainments labelled as comedies. I wager that Miss Courtneidge and Mr. Keys would triumph in Shakespeare as completely as in the agreeable tomfoolery of revue: what a Rosalind she would be!—and he, what a Puck! And as for comedy, she could vie with Miss Marie Tempest, Miss Yvonne Arnaud, and Miss Gertrude Lawrence; and he with Mr. Seymour Hicks and Mr. Owen Nares. Here is a great chance for an enterprising manager and a witty playwright. Their very names would spell popularity and a long run.

THE SPIRIT OF ARMISTICE DAY IN THE AGE OF FAITH:



THE LANTERN OF THE DEAD AT COUSSAC NONNEVAL (HAUTE VIENNE): A CHURCHYARD TOWER FROM WHICH A LIGHT ONCE SHONE NIGHTLY.



THE LANTERN OF THE DEAD AT ANTONY (VIENNE): A STONE TOWER TO HOUSE A LAMP LIGHTED NIGHT BY NIGHT.

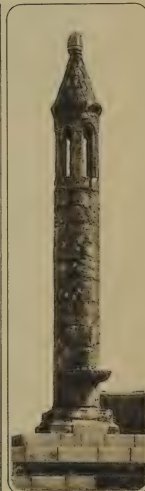


THE PROMINENT LANTERNE DES MORTS AT FONTEVRAULT (MAINE ET LOIRE): A STONE CHURCHYARD TOWER HOUSING AN "ETERNAL FLAME" THAT BURNED NIGHTLY IN THE MIDDLE AGES IN HONOUR OF THE DEAD.

The connection of fires and lamps and torches with funeral ceremonies and the honouring of the dead is a very ancient one. The Romans, to take an example, lit the place where a corpse was laid out with torches—lights that may be regarded as the direct ancestors of the candles which became a prominent feature of Catholic funeral ritual. From the candles that illuminate a single grave to the lantern which stands in the cemetery of a community is only a step. To invoke divine protection for the dead resting in God's Acre, and to symbolise the prayers made for them by the living, lights burned in Christian cemeteries from early times, in a spirit of remembrance and faith. The stone lantern in a churchyard—the "lantern of the dead"—took a recognised place beside the church in certain old French parishes—particularly in Aquitaine. As the Middle Ages advanced, the form of the lantern evolved and reflected the styles of architecture which in turn held sway. Different stages in the history of the lantern of the dead are illustrated by the examples here seen, and a word on the construction and use of these ancient light-bearing stone towers should be welcome. The "lanterns" are virtually hollow pillars which permit



THE QUANT MEDIAEVAL TOWER IN WHICH A LANTERN WAS HOISTED AT CELLEPOUIN (CHARENTE): A BEACON HONOURING THOSE BURIED IN THE CHURCHYARD AND REMINDING PASSERS-BY TO PRAY FOR DEPARTED SOULS.



THE LANTERN OF THE DEAD AT CHIRON, IN THE OLD DUCHY OF AQUITAINE.

OLD FRENCH LANTERNS THAT COMMEMORATED THE DEAD.



THE CURIOUS OLD CHURCHYARD LANTERN AT LA SOUTERRAINE (CREUSE).



THE GOTHIC CHURCHYARD LANTERN AT PERS (DEUX SEVRES): A SLENDER, HOLLOW TOWER IN WHICH A LIGHT WAS ONCE LIT AND HOISTED NIGHTLY, BURNING AS A SYMBOL OF THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.



THE LANTERN OF THE DEAD AT ESTRÉE-ST.-GENOU (INDRE): A STRUCTURE WITH A DOOR FOR THOSE TENDING THE LAMP.



AN UNUSUAL TYPE OF STONE LANTERN AT LES BAUX (BOUCHES DU RHÔNE): PROBABLY LIT NIGHTLY IN THE MIDDLE AGES.



A MEDIAEVAL CHURCHYARD-TOWER OF REMEMBRANCE WITH AN ARMISTICE-TIDE ECHO: THE PROMINENT LANTERN AT BAVEUX, IN NORMANDY, WHICH PERPETUATED THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

of a lamp being hoisted by a pulley and tackle, or, in the case of the larger towers, by means of a small staircase inside. They are pierced at their summit, to allow the light to shine out. Setting aside details of construction and use, the mediaeval churchyard lantern enshrines the same feeling as the eternal flame that burns on the Tomb of the French Unknown Soldier in the Arc de Triomphe—honour to the memory of the dead and the presentation of a symbol of faith in their virtue and in the immortality of the soul. The piety which in the Middle Ages bade the paying of honour to the memory of those resting in parish churchyards is echoed to-day in the hearts of all who remember the sacrifice of human lives between the years 1914 and 1918. The memory of those who its sleeping in battlefield cemeteries is worthy of eternal perpetuation; and, though what is called the Age of Faith has passed, with its naïf expression of profound emotions and touching works of piety, though the lanterns of the dead have long since ceased to give out their sacred glow, our great national day of Remembrance, November 11, shows that the deep feelings of reverence for the glorious dead and trust that their sacrifices were not in vain still burn with an undying flame.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

It has been left to our own day to develop one form of literature to an extent hitherto unknown—that is, the art of self-study and reminiscence. The more I enjoy its refreshing but not rare fruits, the more I regret that it did not come into vogue earlier, in Shakespeare's day, for example, or in Byron's; or, later still, in those of Swinburne and Matthew Arnold. They and many others one could name might all have made piquant revelations. How many mysteries would have been cleared up, among them, presumably, the Baconian question, if Shakespeare had written about himself and his forbears with the same generosity of detail as the author of "INHERITANCE." Being the First Book of an Autobiography. By John Drinkwater. With twenty-five Illustrations (Benn; 10s. 6d.). We are not told how many more volumes are to come, but, as this "prelude" covers only the first fifteen years of Mr. Drinkwater's career, I hope there may be several. Perhaps he does not yet know the exact number. He may find himself "swelling wisely" as he proceeds. So much the better.

Here the author is concerned with his parentage and pedigree and the early influences—from people and places—that shaped his boyhood. Mr. Drinkwater comes of Oxfordshire stock. His father graduated at Merton, and became a schoolmaster, but afterwards abandoned teaching for the stage, and was in turn actor, dramatist, and theatrical manager. Hence that bent for playwriting that gave us "Abraham Lincoln" and "Oliver Cromwell." Climbing higher up his family tree, the author says: "During the nineteenth century, the Drinkwaters of Warwickshire and Oxfordshire were farmers, publicans, post-coachmen, and coach proprietors. . . . A stock of the right Puritan breed; not strait-laced or mealy-mouthed or shy of cakes and ale and pleasures, but having a rooted aversion to being pushed about by other people. . . . Such, then, is my inheritance." The coachmaster ancestors, including one who drove "Drinkwater's Convenience" between Oxford and the Red Lion at Banbury, provide matter for some delightful chapters on old coaching days and coaching ways, as compared with modern travel.

Mr. Drinkwater confesses to a feeling for the past akin to the ancestor-worship of the Chinese. Of farming progenitors on the maternal side he says: "I know that I have from them a delight in all such things as the film of earthy chaff underfoot in a rickyard, wet brambles in October, swallows' nests on the rafters of a barn, pans of warm milk cooling on the slate slabs of a dairy, coveys in the stubble, primroses, and the plaited tails and manes of Shire horses on May Day. I have tried to put a sense of this inheritance into many of my poems, and into at least one dramatic character, Thomas Greenleaf of *Bird in Hand*." The present volume, in fact, is more a picture of English character that formed the origin and background of the author's youth than a mere record of his own doings, not but what there are many amusing domestic incidents and anecdotes of his life at the Oxford High School. The author's love of nature, in all sorts of weather, finds expression in four sections devoted to the seasons, and in that on winter he declares his preference for old-fashioned customs at Christmas. "If," he adds, "the higher journalism is pleased to consider this sentimental . . . it is very welcome to its pleasure."

To collectors who spend large sums on historical relics, Mr. Drinkwater suggests that they might get more fun out of chasing their own family heirlooms. He gives a diverting account of his own quest of an old coaching bill from the inn at Banbury. "In 1930," he says, "I heard that the Red Lion was to be demolished by Mr. Woolworth, who has made such a lot of five cents. I was too late for the sale of effects, but learnt that my Bill had gone to a corn-merchant of Stratford-on-Avon at 17s. 6d. I spent a very hot summer's day trailing him through the markets of Shakespeare's town, and finally brought him to bay in a tap-room over against the Corn Exchange." Then ensued some Falstaffian argument (with guineas instead of men in buckram). "Four guineas had been offered for it. Two more pints, please, Miss. Very well, let it be four guineas—having driven 200 and more miles from Cornwall, I was ready to make a deal and have done with it. No, he was convinced that it was worth six guineas if it was worth a pint—two more, please—and so six guineas it was."

My enjoyment of Mr. Drinkwater's book was enhanced by discovering, at the end, a curious parallel to certain incidents in my own experience. He closes the story of his boyhood by mentioning that in 1897 he began work as a junior clerk in an insurance office. Exactly the same fate befell me also in that same year; and moreover, like him, I got an exceptionally munificent rise of salary the following Christmas. I beat him, however, in the grand total, for while he started on £20 per annum and was raised to £35, I was from the first—

Passing rich on forty pounds a year,

and my Christmas increment amounted to £20. But then he was only fifteen, while I was twenty-four. I happen to remember that particular Christmas Day rather well, because it was also my wedding-day. On the evening thereof my wife and I travelled to Oxford, not—I regret to say—by Drinkwater's Convenience, but in an ordinary humdrum train. Still, you know, "romance brought up the nine-fifteen."

The magic words, "A Book Society Recommendation for November," occur on the wrapping of another literary autobiography—"RETURN TO YESTERDAY," Reminiscences 1894-1914. By Ford Madox Ford (Gollancz; 18s.). Readers will do well to take the Book Society's advice, for Mr. Ford remembers a multitude of people and

vividly in his pages. His first meeting with Henry James leads to an interesting sidelight on Swinburne as a swimmer. A noteworthy element of the book is a sombre picture of social conditions in the hungry 'nineties.

What appeals to me most in Mr. Ford's book, however, from a personal point of view, is a kindly tribute to a relative of mine, who helped to found the publishing firm of Alston Rivers, and died a few years ago. "Accidentally," writes Mr. Ford, "I made the acquaintance of Mr. R. B. Byles in a train going to Rye. We got into talk about publishing in general. . . . Byles became one of my most intimate friends. His activities as a publisher were extraordinary and, alas!—meteoric. . . . His real name was Boileaux, his original ancestor who emigrated to England having been a Huguenot. But—by Grimm's Law, I suppose—the name had become Boilers, then Bilers, and finally Byles. His parents had, however, conferred on him the forenames of René Boileau, to his intense indignation and disgust. He aspired to be the absolute, common-sense Englishman. . . . But for him it is almost certain that I should have given up writing. But his enthusiasm for my work was extraordinary and infectious. He almost made me believe in myself." Mr. Ford is right about the Huguenot strain, but as to the derivation of the name I fear someone has been romancing. Much as I should like to claim descent from a Boileau, and familiar as I am with various devastating "corruptions" on envelopes addressed to myself, I understand that our family is of East Anglian origin. The Huguenot element came in through intermarriage with French refugees, named Beuzeville and Roussel. My cousin's Christian names were not René Boileau, but Rennie Beuzeville. There is a family legend, by the way, that one baby Huguenot "ancestor" was brought to England concealed in a basket of eggs!

I remember my cousin once remarking to me that most publishers' advertisements, in those days, lacked conviction. No such charge could be laid at his own door. "The devices of Byles for obtaining publicity," writes Mr. Ford, "were unusual and numerous, and he followed them up with amazing energy. On the publication of the first of my books that he handled, he went down with a copy of it to the *Daily Mail* office. He succeeded in buttonholing Lord Northcliffe actually in the composing room of that paper, and then and there read him some extracts from my book. I am quite certain that no one ever before or since achieved such a feat. He managed to convey some of his enthusiasm to the Napoleon of Fleet Street, and Lord Northcliffe promised to review the book himself. . . . I think he did so, but I do not know. Early in life I began the practice of never reading reviews of my own work." That, at any rate, relieves me of some misgivings.

A distinguished career in publishing, authorship, and literary journalism is recorded in another outstanding autobiography—likewise a choice of the Book Society—which I must reserve for another article. I refer to "ONE MAN'S ROAD," Being a Picture of Life in a Passing Generation. By Arthur Waugh. Illustrated (Chapman and Hall; 18s.). At the same time I hope to deal with a light-hearted chronicle of travel by the same author's younger son—"REMOTE PEOPLE." By Evelyn Waugh. Illustrated (Duckworth; 10s. 6d.). This contains a candid, if not ironic, account of the Abyssinian Coronation, at which Mr. Evelyn Waugh acted as a special correspondent. Journalism, again, this time in the seats of the mighty, is represented by a famous London editor's war-time and personal reminiscences (which also call for fuller notice later)—namely, "ALL IN A LIFETIME." By R. D. Blumenfeld (Benn; 8s. 6d.).

In my list of self-recorded life-stories, I now come to a group of three notable books emanating from the world of entertainment. This last work is distinctly appropriate to "LAUGHING THROUGH LIFE," By Maisie Gay. With twenty Illustrations from Photographs (Hurst and Blackett; 12s. 6d.). Gay by name and gay by nature, in print also she lives up to her reputation as a mirth-provoker. Stage experiences of a graver sort, but not lacking in humour, are recalled in an aptly titled volume—"ARE WE ALL MET?" By Whitford Kane. With Preface by St. John Ervine. Fully Illustrated (Elkin Mathews and Marrot; 16s.). The author has played many parts—in England, Ireland, and America—and his book includes among its attractions some interesting letters from John Galsworthy. Finally, I commend to all enthusiasts for ballet an autobiography in which I am sure they will revel—"DIVERTISSEMENT." By Anton Dolin. Illustrated (Sampson, Low; 12s. 6d.). The famous dancer's account of his career contains his memories of the late M. Serge Diaghileff and of many another celebrity of the dancing world. The central figure is set off by a full "chorus" of seductive illustrations. C. E. B.



THE THIRTY-SEVENTH TREASURE TO BE ISOLATED AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A GROUP IN LIMWOOD BY TILMAN RIEMENSCHNEIDER OF WURZBURG, THE FOUR HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF WHOSE DEATH HAS BEEN CELEBRATED IN GERMANY THIS YEAR.

This admirable group in limewood may be accepted as the work of Tilman Riemenschneider of Wurzburg, perhaps the most famous of all German wood-carvers, who was born about 1460, and the four hundredth anniversary of whose death, in 1531, has been celebrated this year. Nowhere did wood-carving reach a higher standard than in Germany towards the end of the 15th and the beginning of the 16th century, when, apart from a host of single figures, almost every church had one or more altars entirely of carved wood or with groups or single figures against a painted background. These carvings were generally richly painted and gilded, but the present group (which was bought in 1878 for £200) has perhaps never been coloured, and shows to full advantage the superb quality of the workmanship. The figures (formerly called St. Anne and St. Joachim) probably represent Mary Salome and Zebedee, and originally formed part of a group of the Holy Kindred (*die Heilige Sippe*), one of the most popular subjects of German art at this period.

By Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum. (Crown Copyright Reserved.)

things, on both sides of the Atlantic, that are eminently worth remembering, and describes them with infinite zest and a touch of mordant satire. Among his most intimate memories are those relating to his family connections with the Pre-Raphaelite group, and to his friendship with Henry James and Joseph Conrad, both of whom re-live

"THEIR FALLEN BROTHER": TREVISO'S INSPIRING WAR MEMORIAL.



UNVEILED BY THE KING OF ITALY ON NOVEMBER 4, ITALY'S ARMISTICE DAY:
THE TREVISO WAR MEMORIAL.



IN THE CENTRE OF ITALY'S BATTLEFIELDS NEAR THE RIVER PIAVE:
"A CREATION OF A DEEP EMOTION."



THE CENTRAL GROUP OF THE MEMORIAL: THE MOURNERS AND THE "FALLEN BROTHER" IN AN "UNFINISHED AND INFINITE TEMPLE WHICH THE MONUMENT'S COLUMNS WITHOUT CAPITALS PRESENT TO THE IMAGINATION."

The War Memorial at Treviso, the work of the sculptor A. Stagliano, was unveiled by the King of Italy on November 4, the day on which, thirteen years ago, the Armistice between Italy and Austria-Hungary, signed on November 3, became effective. Treviso is a town eighteen miles north of Venice and a few miles west of the River Piave, where the Italian forces won the final victory in their long struggle. General Diaz's campaign of October 1918, known as the Battle of Vittorio Veneto, which ended in the rout of the Austrian armies, involved the crossing of the Piave at a point east of Treviso. Three Allied Armies took part in the attack on the Piave—one of them commanded by Lord Cavan and including two British divisions. The British troops were

able to occupy part of a gravel-covered island in the river, called the Grave di Papadopoli; four days later General Cavaglia diverted some of his forces to cross the river by the British bridges, and this movement was of great importance to the success of the campaign. After the Armistice had been signed, the British troops joined in the rejoicings with the Italian peasants, and were honoured guests at their celebrations. In a book called "The Glorious Dead of Treviso," which draws its inspiration from this memorial, Captain Zorzi writes: "This monument lifts our souls to the old sentiments; we feel again the meaning of the mysterious tragedy we have lived, and we recapture the spirit of these heroes who bear their fallen brother on their shoulders."



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

THE AUSTERE AND THE LESS AUSTERE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

AS a people, we look upon the unfamiliar with suspicion—which, perhaps, is why, when we want a petrol-station which is not a tin shanty, we put up, as often as not, a fake Elizabethan shed and congratulate ourselves upon our good taste and reverence for the past, forgetting that what we admire most in architecture was once the work of innovators. How some of our purists would execrate the name of Sir Christopher Wren (if they only dared) because he planned a new wing to Hampton Court Palace

in what was then a brand-new modern style, instead of producing a scholarly and laborious reproduction of Tudor fashions to harmonise with Wolsey's original conception! And how much better they would like St. Paul's if its architect had only known that the great age of cathedrals was the thirteenth century, and had given Carolean England a nice, accurate version of French Gothic instead of new-fangled classicism!

Still, we do gradually accept as ordinary diet what was once caviare to our unaccustomed palates: we are at last accepting the fact that the use of steel framework and concrete imposes a new aesthetic upon architectural practice, and that with the twentieth century, in this department of the arts at least, something rather fine, which in skilled hands lends itself to an achievement no less remarkable than that of Sir Christopher, is in process of evolution. We have even reached the stage when a purely modern house at Cambridge, designed as an austere arrangement of cubes and depending for its effect upon the balance of the various masses, can appear without comment on the back page of the *Times* amid the usual collection of imitation Elizabethan and Georgian and Victorian and demi-semi-Gothic homes, labelled merely "This desirable residence."

What has all this to do with the illustrations on this page? Simply—for so it seems to me—that we are considerably more conservative than our ancestors, and have acquired the cult of the past to a degree they never dreamt of attaining. When they built a house, they wanted it of the newest fashion: it is just as well they did, for otherwise England would be full of nothing but Norman castles. When they wanted a piece of silver, they also demanded a novelty: again we are the gainers,

for if they had not been enterprising our silver collections would have contained nothing but imitations of Tudor craftsmanship. No doubt they erred occasionally, for who can compute the number of fine old pieces that were melted down to be refashioned to current taste? But, while lamenting an occasional slip of this character, we must give them credit for not going into the business of antique reproduction, and for the gusto with which they assimilated and adapted new ideas. Perhaps, after a lapse of more than a century, we are gradually returning once more to their point of view.

Here, then, are some very charming candlesticks. Let us examine them closely and see how their



3. THE NEO-CLASSICAL MOVEMENT EXEMPLIFIED IN A CANDLESTICK: A PIECE, DATING FROM THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, WHICH OWES MUCH TO ARCHAEOLOGICAL FINDS AT POMPEII.



2. ONE OF A PAIR OF PLAIN BALUSTER CANDLESTICKS OF ABOUT 1710: A TYPE WHICH RELIED FOR ITS CHARM UPON THE SOFT LIGHT REFRACTED FROM ITS SMOOTH SURFACES.

from the extravagant styles under Charles II. in the previous century. A little later (about 1710) comes the candlestick of Fig. 2—with a plain baluster stem, very elegant indeed—no ornamentation, but the soft light refracted from its smooth surfaces.

Art cannot stand still if it is to survive: another generation



6. ONE OF A PAIR OF SILVER CANDLESTICKS IN THE FULL ROCOCO STYLE (c. 1744): A MASTERPIECE BY GEORGE WICKES WHICH MAY HAVE FOLLOWED A DESIGN OF THOMAS GERMAIN, THE FAMOUS FRENCH SILVERSMITH.

found the simple smooth style of Queen Anne too severe, just as possibly twenty years hence we shall think the architect of 1931 erred on the side of simplification. Here (Fig. 1) is the baluster type altered and complicated, and indicating a new fashion altogether—a fashion of swirling lines and sometimes unco-ordinated curves which we classify vaguely as rococo. It is a long, slow process, this change—a very dignified example is to be seen in Fig. 7 (11 in. high—one of a set of four) with its ball feet and grotesque heads, dated 1738. A more extravagant example of the same tendency is shown in Fig. 5 (dated 1761—one of a pair by Lewis Horne and Francis Butty) a remarkably ingenious arrangement of shells and scrolls and flowers, with a well-modelled Chinaman seated in the middle of them.

These highly elaborate productions of the silversmith are rather out of fashion at present, partly, no doubt, owing to the business of keeping them clean, but mainly because our present-day taste is towards simplicity. They are none the less among the finest examples of eighteenth-century craftsmanship, and—particularly from the point of view adopted in this article—documents of the highest importance in the evolution of taste.

Less spectacular, but to my mind essentially finer, is the example in Fig. 6, made by George Wickes in 1744. The involved rhythms of the rococo style require the most exquisite taste on the part of the designer if the final effect is not to be merely tortuous, and these two pieces seem to me extraordinarily accomplished, combining a wealth of detail with an inventiveness that is beyond praise. Perhaps the elaborate feet are not part of the original scheme—I feel they are not quite in keeping—but, whatever the truth on this point, it is no wonder that the owner suggests that, though made by an Englishman, the design may be from the hand of the great French silversmith, Thomas Germain.

Another illustration (Fig. 3) brings us to a new world and back to the classics. Not for nothing has Pompeii been recently excavated. Once more we return to elegance pure and simple, but to a different, a more sophisticated, a more learned simplicity than the silversmiths of the reign of Queen Anne ever knew. The erudite blue-stockings of the neo-classical revival were very different from the "ladies of St. James"—contemporaries of good Queen Anne.



4. AN ENGLISH SILVER CANDLESTICK OF EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY PROVENANCE (c. 1702-3): ONE OF A PAIR IN THE SOBER, SOLID STYLE WHICH OBTAINED UNDER QUEEN ANNE.



7. A QUAIN CANDLESTICK MADE BY JOHN WHITE IN 1738: THE HIGHLY ORNAMENTED HEAD WITH GROTESQUE HEADS AND BALL FEET. (11 IN. HIGH.)

Photographs by Courtesy of Messrs. S. J. Phillips, New Bond Street.



1. AN ELABORATED DEVELOPMENT OF THE BALUSTER CANDLESTICK: ONE OF A SET OF FOUR WHICH DATE FROM ABOUT 1746.



5. THE EXTRAVAGANT TYPE OF EIGHTEENTH CENTURY CANDLESTICK: ONE OF A PAIR—BY LEWIS HORNE AND FRANCIS BUTTY AND DATED 1761—WITH A CHINAMAN SEATED IN THE MIDDLE. (13½ IN. HIGH.)

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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

BAX RECEIVES THE GOLD MEDAL.

MR. ARNOLD BAX, one of the best known of English composers in the generation following Sir Edward Elgar, has been well in the limelight this week. A new composition of his, a "Nonet" for nine instruments, was given its first performance at the Courtauld-Sargent concert devoted to chamber music at the Queen's Hall last week; and two days later, at the Royal Philharmonic Society's concert, he was presented by Sir John McEwen, the Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, with the Society's gold medal, which is a European distinction awarded only occasionally, and supposedly only to musicians of world eminence in their profession. In spite of one or two serious lapses in the awarding of this medal in the past, it still remains a prize coveted by musicians, and, in view of the position Mr. Bax has attained among English composers, he has undoubtedly earned this distinction.

His "Nonet" was admirably played by the Kutcher Quartet assisted by J. Slater (flute), R. C. Kell (clarinet), Leon Goossens (oboe), Marie Korchiaska (harp), and Victor Watson (double bass). In fact, it was given a much better performance than Mendelssohn's Octet for Strings earlier in the programme, which was handicapped by being inadequately conducted. It is always a mistake to have a conductor for chamber compositions of this character, as it robs the playing of the particular quality of ensemble-playing that is the special characteristic of chamber music. Mendelssohn's Octet is graceful, fluent music, but it does not make a very deep impression, and, for my part, Arnold Bax's "Nonet" made no deeper impression, in spite of its undoubted skill. The rest of the programme of the Courtauld-Sargent concert was made up of songs contributed by Emmi Leisner, from the Berlin State Opera, who took the place of Sigrid Onegin at short notice. Mme. Leisner has a fine reputation abroad, but I think this was her first appearance in England.

She proved to be worthy of her reputation in every respect. She has a magnificently trained voice of beautiful quality, and she is what singers so rarely are—a musician as well as a vocalist. In a group of songs by Beethoven and Schubert she delighted a large audience with *Lieder*-singing of a quality which is too rarely heard in this country. Altogether, this Courtauld-Sargent concert made amends for the rather disappointing quality of the one before.

A LOST MOZART WORK.

The chief feature of the Philharmonic concert, apart from Mr. Arnold Bax's share in it, was the performance of a delightful "Symphonie Concertante" in E flat by Mozart, for oboe, clarinet, horn, and bassoon. Mr. Paul Draper, the bassoonist, and Mr. Kell, the clarinetist, seemed rather overweighted by the vigorous certainty of their colleague, Mr. Leon Goossens. Also, the solo horn was none too secure; otherwise it was a good performance. This "Symphonie Concertante" was written by Mozart in Paris in 1778, when he was twenty-two years old; but it was lost until 1869, when Otto Jahn acquired a copy of it. This copy is now in the State Library at Berlin, but nobody knows how or where Otto Jahn got it. In spite of this, there can be no doubt by any musician of its authenticity. It is the music of Mozart and of nobody else, but the manuscript is not in his handwriting, and who the copyist was or when it was made remains a mystery.

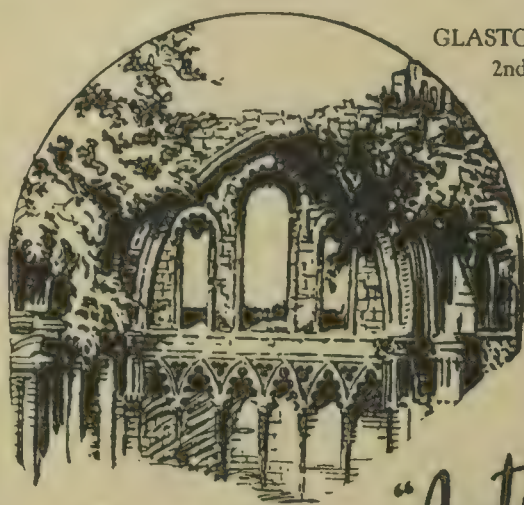
W. J. TURNER.

The Exhibition and Sale of goods made by war-disabled men, which Field-Marshal Lord Allenby opened on Nov. 6, at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington, affords an admirable opportunity for those determined to face the problem of Christmas presents in good time this year, and in doing so to help a worthy cause. The exhibition, which is to remain open till Nov. 21, will include pottery, furniture, basketware, fancy goods, travelling requisites, suit-cases and trunks, textiles and art fabrics, hosiery and woollen goods,

embroidery and leatherwork, dog-kennels, and numerous other things of utility or beauty. The exhibitors represented comprise a large number of institutions for ex-Service men, among them St. Dunstan's and the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops.

At the beginning of the Great War, in August 1914, many British people found themselves stranded in Continental towns with all means of returning to their native land cut off. On that historic occasion Messrs. Thomas Cook and Sons were able to render valuable aid in a hundred different places at once. These services were recognised at the time by a vote of thanks in Parliament. Something of the same kind has taken place during recent weeks. The days of uncertainty which prevailed in many Continental countries when England departed from the gold standard caused thousands of English people scattered all over Europe to need immediate help in order to save them from an awkward and often ignominious situation. It is in emergencies such as these that the national as well as the individual value of such a world-wide travel and banking organisation as that of Thomas Cook and Sons becomes apparent.

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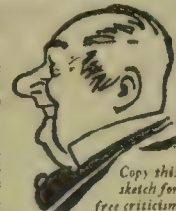
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capitals of Lanka; Nuwara Eliya, a beauty-spot of the East; Anuradhapura, famous for its ruins and capital of the island from 437 B.C. to 846 A.D. Also the Rock Temple of Dambulla, dating from 100 B.C. Burma, too, is a fascinating country, with many delightful tours to be made by river and steamer. There are the famous Saddan Hsin Min Caves, Yawng Hwe, and the lovely Inle Lake, the old-world town of Mong Nai, the wonderful bridge at Goteik, and the famous city of tragedy and romance, Mandalay. The low-rate return ticket from Liverpool to Ceylon is only £85 and £80 from Marseilles to Ceylon. Full particulars of further tours of the Bibby Line can be obtained on application to the Company, at 22, Pall Mall, S.W., who will gladly send an illustrated booklet. The same line run winter sunshine tours to Egypt and the Sudan at equally low rates. The return fare from Liverpool to Port Said, returning to Plymouth or London, is this winter only forty-seven pounds, and fifty pounds return from Marseilles to Port Sudan.



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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"MAKE UP YOUR MIND," AT THE CRITERION.

ALBERT PAGE was a retired business man, stodgy and very English—despite the fact that this comedy is an adaptation. He has a young second wife who fancies herself in love with a budding dramatist, a daughter who is stage-struck, and a son who wants to be a cow-puncher. Into this reasonably normal family bursts an eccentric millionaire. He has a passion for organising, and within a few minutes of his entrance insists on rearranging the furniture; his alterations, it must be admitted, vastly improving the look of the room. He practically forces the young wife into her lover's arms, persuades the father into allowing his daughter to take a course at a school of dramatic art, and to pack his son off to the Wild West, where he can punch cows to his heart's content. He also secures the family fortunes for reinvestment. Then enters Mr. Smith, a mental expert, who informs the horrified family that the millionaire is mad. He has, as a fact, behaved so insanely that they readily believe the assertion, though experienced playgoers will refuse to credit anything so obvious, or at least keep an open mind on the subject until the *dénouement*. Quite an amusing comedy; it can be guaranteed to entertain all those who find themselves in the Criterion, but is not startlingly original, or funny enough

to attract very great crowds there. Mr. Baliol Holloway breezed his way through the play with effect, and was supported by a first-class cast. The best performance was given by Mr. Reginald Gardiner as the budding dramatist; he walked the delicate line that divides comedy from farce with great skill.

"LADY-IN-WAITING," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S.

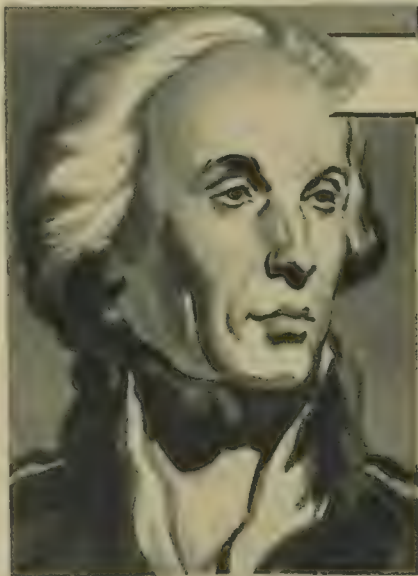
There is an entertaining idea in this play, but Captain Harry Graham in his adaptation hardly

makes the most of it. A struggling journalist who, as motor correspondent to a newspaper, is allowed to take new cars out on trial trips, gives his sweetheart a ride in King Yovan's latest acquisition. (The locality of the play is a Ruritanian one.) When evil eyes see her in the royal car, entering the palace grounds by a side gate, she is suspected of being the king's mistress. The scandal turns out to be greatly to her advantage, for as a modern Madame

Pompadour her favour is wooed by all. Her father is given unlimited credit by all the tradesmen; her brother provided with a lucrative and easy post; her sweetheart discovers a financier to back a new paper for him and eventually is offered a position in the Cabinet; while the girl herself is starred by an enterprising manager at the Theatre Royal. For over a year it is dinned into the girl's ears so incessantly that she is the king's mistress that she almost comes to believe it herself, and does, indeed, yearn to make his closer acquaintance. Which, needless to say, she does in the last act. They fall mutually in love, and depart to spend an informal honeymoon in a discreet inn in the woods. Miss Leonora Corbett gives a magnificent performance as the heroine. First she shows the girl's startled indignation on hearing the scandal concerning her; then her matter-of-fact acceptance of the situation; and finally, the slow awakening of her love for the king.



"BRIDPORT."—BY P. H. PADWICK: A CHARMING PAINTING IN THE ONE-MAN SHOW AT BARBIZON HOUSE. A number of most attractive paintings recently made by P. H. Padwick are now to be seen at Barbizon House, 9, Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, W.1. The exhibition will remain open until November 28.



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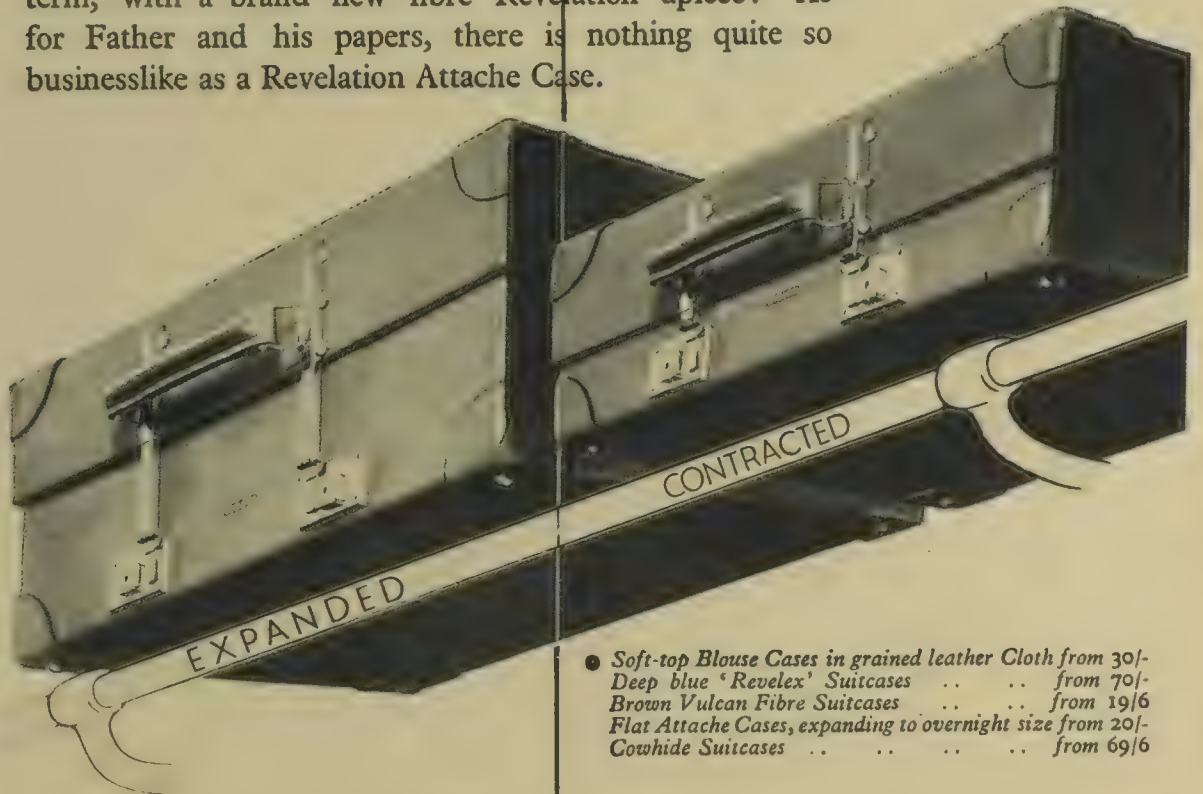
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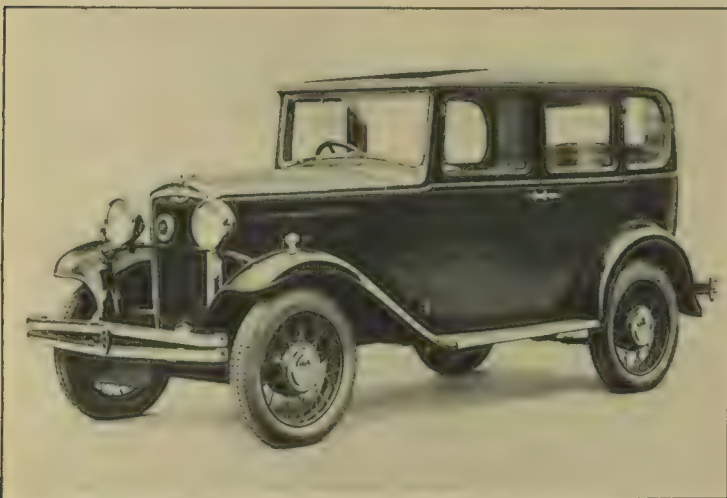
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

AFTER every annual passenger-car show at Olympia I receive letters asking me to state what I consider the best of the new models. Thank you, my correspondents, for your kindly-expressed epistles. This year it is easy to answer your question.



PRICED AT £175: THE HILLMAN "MINX" SALOON DE LUXE.
The price of this car is £175; but there is an extra charge for the bumpers.

Some years honours are shared between half-a-dozen makes, and to place one of them in the top position is difficult. My opinion, which has been endorsed by many well-known motorists, is that the new 15-18-h.p. Lanchester chassis, complete with saloon coachwork, at £565, is the best of the new cars first shown at this exhibition. It is up-to-date in design, high-class workmanship, and materials, has a really silent overhead-valve engine with excellent acceleration, the simplest and most silent gear and transmission system, and perfect brakes. I have only one complaint as an owner-driver. It has not a "one-shot" central lubrication system for the chassis parts, so that drivers like myself, who are too lazy to do the general oiling-up, have to pay the garage man to perform this work fortnightly or when necessary. With a genuine 70 miles an hour, which it is capable of when asked to hurry, this new 18-h.p.

Lanchester is the best value as a carriage at its price of under £600. One did not have a doubt on this point, although the Olympia Show had an excellent choice of good cars to pick from.

During the past twelve months, the tendency of car-owners has been to buy slightly larger-rated carriages, in order to have greater comfort on the road and a reserve of engine power to call upon when needed. Consequently, the latest returns issued from the Ministry of Transport for the automobile year ending Aug. 31 show that for the past summer quarter there has been a lesser demand for the "under-10-h.p." class cars, but a large rise in the 14-h.p. class of 200 per cent., and an advancing sale of 17-h.p. and 21-h.p. models. Therefore, outside its attractive qualities, the new 18-h.p. Lanchester, with its fluid flywheel and pre-selector gears, has arrived at the best moment to obtain the support of a wide field of motorists wishing to buy new cars.

Some Motor-Car Statistics.

The official registration of new motor-vehicles during the summer quarter

usually produces interesting figures, because they show the sales at a critical period of the year. It will come as a pleasant surprise to note that the past sales of cars fell little short of the total of last year at this period. The usual 13,000 to 14,000 new car sales for both June and July, and half this figure for August, was maintained with only a small decline in June, but there was a larger one in August, while July remained about normal. For the year ending Aug. 31 the total sales of all classes of motor-vehicles registered in Great Britain was 262,116. There were so few imported foreign vehicles that this figure really represents all-British vehicles. Private cars sold were 144,129,

and 51,767 goods-carrying motors, with 8701 hackney passenger-vehicles. The balance of the grand total comprised motor-cycles, agricultural tractors, and road locomotives. While motor-cycles lost 21,000 sales in the United Kingdom during the four quarters, sales of motor-vehicles of all classes, including cycles, only declined 32,340 in the year, as compared with the motors sold in the 1930 period of twelve months ending Aug. 31. Thus cars, commercial motors, and hackney-carriages sales only declined about 11,000 vehicles in a really bad year, and a small percentage on a total sale of 204,597 cars, hackney and goods vehicles, during the year ending this Aug. 31, 1931.

Scottish Show at Glasgow.

The usual motor exhibition of cars and accessories is being held at Glasgow from Nov. 13 to 21 inclusive. The Kelvin Hall makes an admirable stage for such displays. The aisles are wide, and, as holders of the car-stands are retailers, various makes appear on the same platform in near proximity to aid comparisons of details and values. Batteries



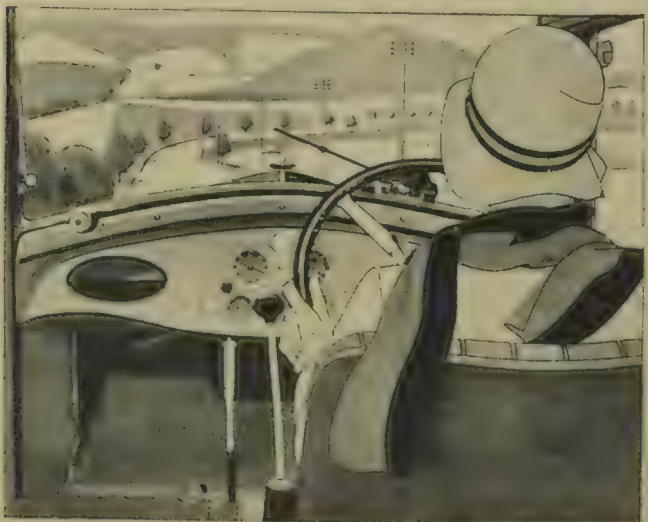
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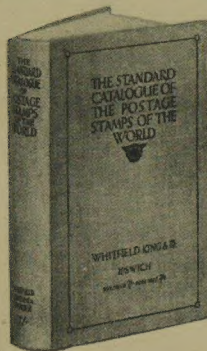
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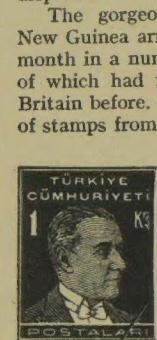
MAJOR R. STANTON,
Waverley House, Ashburton, Devon.

ONCE again the Balkans figure prominently among the new stamps. Bulgaria has issued a full series of air-mail stamps in a design showing a peasant girl sending off a letter by pigeon-post. The values are 1 lev, deep green; 2 leva, marone; 6 leva, blue; 12 leva, rosine; 20 leva, purple; 30 leva, red-orange; and 50 leva, brown-orange.



BULGARIA AIR-MAIL:
SENDING A LETTER
BY PIGEON-POST.

Turkey's stamps commemorating this year's Balkanic Conference have been printed in England from steel plates, the work of Messrs. Bradbury, Wilkinson and Co., Ltd. The design is more curious than picturesque. It represents an olive-tree growing out of the Golden Horn, and showing its seven roots spreading out to the following capitals: Istanbul, Ankara, Athens, Tirana, Belgrade, Sofia, and Bucarest. The denominations are in kurus: 2½ k., deep green; 4 k., carmine; 6 k., steel-blue; 7½ k., scarlet; 12 k., orange; 12½ k., indigo; 50 k., dark brown; and 100 k., violet. Of the new regular stamps from Turkey, bearing the profile of Mustapha Kemal in evening dress, only two values are yet to hand: 1 k., deep grey-green; and 6 k., deep ultramarine. The set, which will comprise nineteen values, from 10 paras to 250 kurus, are the first stamps to be printed by the new State stamp printery at Angora. There are three designs all bearing a similar portrait, but with the inscriptions differently disposed.



TURKEY: MUSTAPHA KEMAL IN
WESTERN EVENING DRESS.

The gorgeous bird of paradise of New Guinea arrived on our shores last month in a number of varieties, some of which had not been seen alive in Britain before. Almost at the same time there came a flock of stamps from New Guinea picturing the bird in its native haunts. The stamps, of which I illustrate one, have been issued to mark the ten years of the civil administration of the territory under the British mandate. There are three sets of them, all in the same design, one for ordinary postage, one for air-mail, and one for official use.

Finland has inaugurated a Postal Museum on the lines of the Royal Swedish Postal Museum at Stockholm, and leading Finn philatelists have generously donated some fine stamp-collections. The philatelic aspects of the museum foundation are being given special prominence, and, indeed, the new institution owes its origin to the stamp-collectors of Helsingfors and Åbo. It is a novel proceeding for the postal department to issue a special stamp in connection with, and to raise funds for, the museum, a stamp bearing the shield of Finland, with a ringed post-horn at each side, in an oval reminiscent of old stamps of the country, and the inscription "Pro Filatelia" on a ribbon below. The stamp is printed in black, its postal value is 1 mark, and the supplementary 4 marks paid for it go to the museum fund.

The current stamps of the Mozambique Company are among the prettiest in use anywhere in the world to-day. I am reminded of this by the receipt of some new varieties. There is among them a 30 centavos deep green and black depicting copra; an 85 centavos black and red-brown depicting a native type; and a 1.40 dols. black and blue showing a steamer arriving at Beira. These are in designs which have been used before, and are finely printed from recess-plates. Two new values, surface printed, look poor in comparison: 45 centavos pale blue illustrating the ivory trade; and 70 centavos showing how gold is recovered from the soil.



FINLAND: A STAMP
ISSUED TO RAISE FUNDS
FOR POSTAL AND PHILATELIC MUSEUMS.

The resulting stamps as cheap-looking labels, scarcely to be recognised as postage stamps. They might as easily be price tickets from a fancy draper's or a chocolate-box. Two of them are of the charity order, to raise funds to restore the broken windows of the Church of St. John at Gouda. The 1½ cent shows the famous windows seen from within, and the 6 cent from without. A tiny panel on each shows part of the process of lead-framing. A rather garish 36 cent in ultramarine and vermillion is for air-mail, and a 70 cent blue and red is for use on parcels.



TURKEY: THE OLIVE-TREE OF THE SECOND
BALKANIC CONFERENCE.



NEW GUINEA'S
FAMOUS BIRD OF
PARADISE. THE
STAMPS COMMEMORATE
TEN YEARS OF
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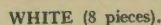
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model 25-h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis and a Windover enclosed limousine fitted to the new 20-30-h.p. fluid flywheel Daimler chassis. These are staged on this coachbuilder's own stand at the exhibition and deserve close attention by all visitors to the Show. The Rolls-Royce sedanca is in two shades of blue, and the Daimler limousine in blue and black for the colouring of the shining panels. Women will like the illuminated interior companions and other fittings

Writing of "mixed bags" to be seen on the stands at Kelvin Hall reminds me that Scott and Morris Ltd., of Glasgow, display eight-cylinder and six-cylinder Minerva saloons, the four-cylinder Standard "Big Nine," and the six-cylinder Vauxhall "Cadet" saloons. Thus prices and powers from £205 to £695 and 10 h.p. to 28 h.p. can be compared for the best value for the job of work the car has to perform.

BLACK (11 pieces).



[In Forsyth Notation : 1SB4r ; BpR4p ; b1S5 ; 1k1p4 ; pp3R2 ; r2p3K ;
8 ; 4bQ2.]

White to play and mate in two moves.

Keymove—RK6 [Re4—e6].

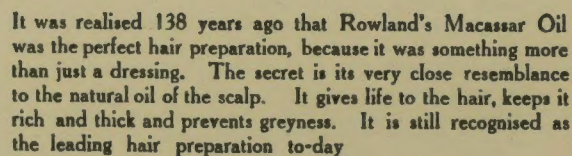
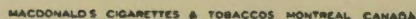
If 1. — $K \times P$, 2. BK_4 ; if 1. — KQ_5 , 2. $R \times QP$; if 1. — B any, 2. QK_4 ; and if 1. — PK_6 , 2. $Kt \times P$. A waiting key, which provides a pin for each of the King's flights, and in the minor variations lets through the Q and B. A light problem, a little lacking in variety, but delicate in conception and execution.

SUN CHESS.

This appropriate epithet was invented by Dr. Tartakower to describe the brilliant and heart-warming style of the world champion—now surely at his zenith. It is doubtful if any champion so far has shone like he fellows, and it would have rejoiced Richard Réti and Julius Breyer should they have been here to see the "hyper-modern school" thus brought to triumphant fruition. Dr. Alekhin seems to spend his spare time in looking for new lines in obsolete variations, and here we see the Tarrasch defence resurrected—with a difference! It is possible that the awe that enshrouds the reigning champion enables him to take a risk that would un-seam the innovating neophyte, though in this game his victim seems to have been overbold rather than overwed.

(Queen's Gambit Declined—Tarrasch Defence.)

WHITE (Pirc.)	BLACK (Alekhin.)	WHITE (Pirc.)	BLACK (Alekhin.)
1. P Q4	P Q4	If 15. P×B, Q R8ch; 16. K B2, B×Rch; 17. Q×B, Q×Pch; 18. K B1, R Q1; 19. Q Kt4ch, K Kt1; 20. Kt B3, Q×R Pch; 21. K B2, Kt Kt5 and wins. White has other alternatives, but they lead to quick disaster.	
2. P Q B4	P K3	15. B×R	
3. Kt Q B3	P Q B4	16. Q×K B	Q×B P
4. B P×P	B P×P	17. Q Q3	
There are sixteen columns in Griffith and White, and they all give 4. — KP×P!!		A trap, inviting R Q1, when follows 17. Kt R3.	
5. Q R4ch	B Q2	17. B Kt5!	
6. Q×Q P	P×P	18. Kt B3	B×Kt
7. Q×Q P	Kt Q B3	19. Q B5ch	K Kt1
8. B Kt5		20. Q×B	Q K8ch
Black has given up a pawn for freedom, and White should proceed quietly and with caution; P K3 seems indicated.		21. K B2	
8. Kt B3		Losing the K to save the KP.	
9. Q Q2	P K R3	21. R Q B1	
10. B×Kt		22. Q Kt3ch	Kt K4ch!
A doubtful line, all Black's pieces coming swiftly into power- ful action.		23. K Kt3	Q Q8ch
10. Q×B		24. K R3	R B4
11. P K3	Castles!	25. Resigns.	
12. Castles?		He is boxed-up on both sides and threatened with mate in several ways. A spectacular sui- cide would have been: 25. K K4, Q Q7ch; 26. K×R, P Kt3ch; 27. K Kt5; Q R4 mate. A game like this makes one feel sorry for the "low-brows" who assert that chess is a dull game.	
12. B K Kt5			
13. Kt Q5	R×Kt!		
14. Q×R	B Q R6!!		
15. Q Kt3			



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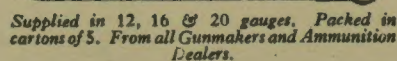
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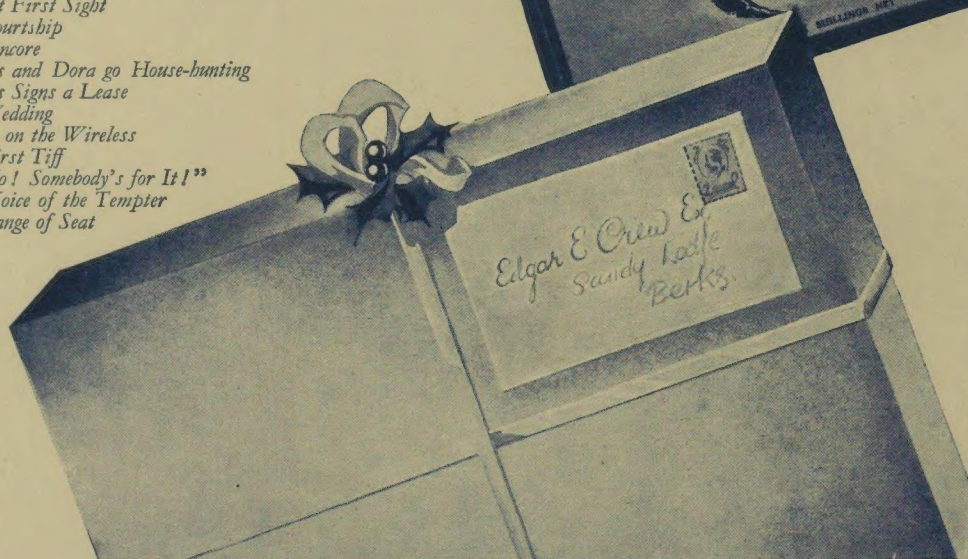
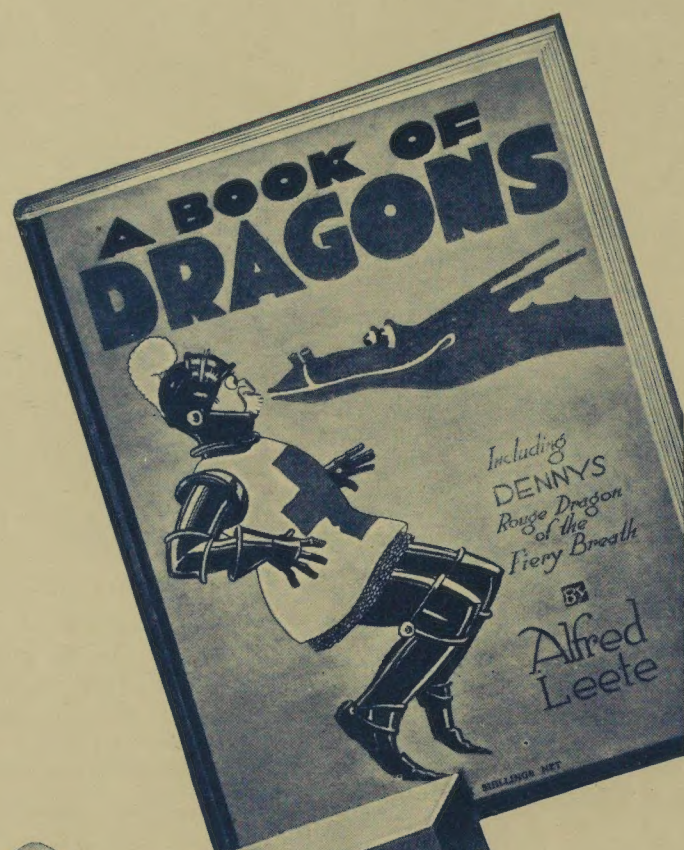
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